

VOL. 7 No. 7

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

DECEMBER

JIM WILCOX

ACT 3





## The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", "Mystery Tales", "Exciting Comics", "Strange Worlds", and "Captain Future". The art style is characteristic of mid-century pulp magazines, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight drop shadow effect. The overall composition suggests a digital archive or website dedicated to classic comic books.



# DICK COLE



IT IS EARLY IN SEPTEMBER AND FORTY-ODD CANDIDATES FOR THE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM ARE ON THE PRACTICE FIELD... REFRESHED BY THEIR SUMMER VACATION, DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARND ARE PLUNGING EAGERLY INTO THE WORK.

DRAWN BY JIM WILCOX

GOOD THING WE KEPT IN SHAPE, EH, SIMBA? GEE, I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE FIRST GAME!

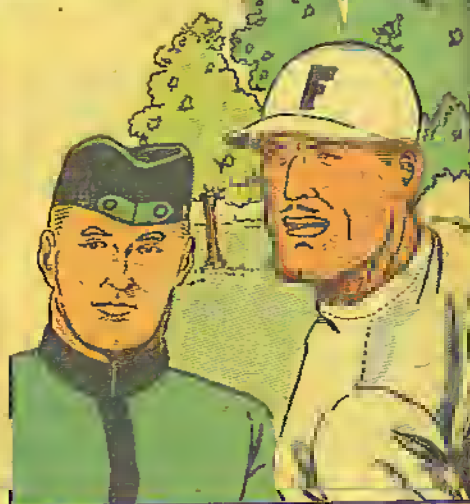
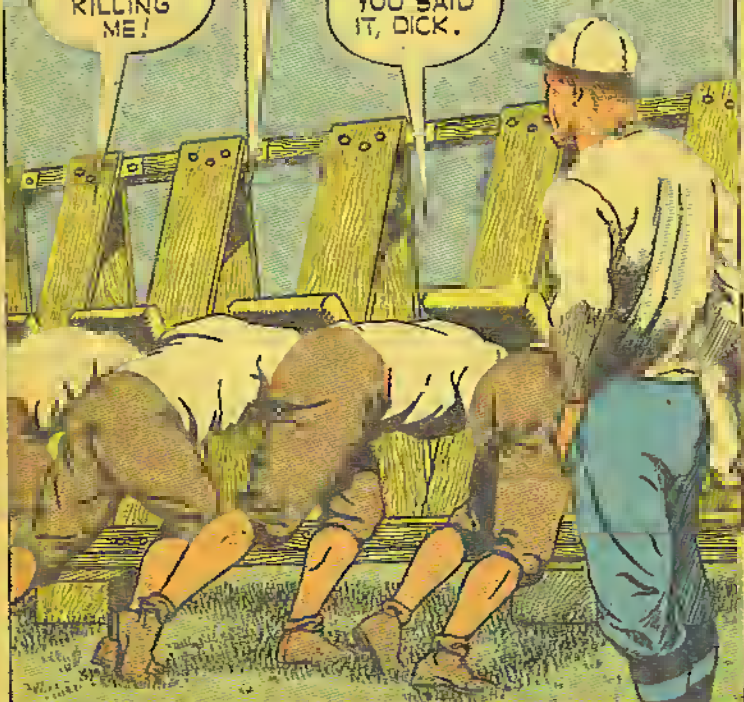
OKAY, MEN, THAT'S ENOUGH. WE'LL TACKLE THE DUMMIES NEXT. LET'S GO!

WOW! THIS IS KILLING ME!

YOU SAID IT, DICK.

A CADET BRINGS A MESSAGE TO THE COACH...

COLE, DROP OUT. MAJOR FARR WANTS TO SEE YOU. HE'S AT THE END OF THE FIELD.



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Daig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant. BLUE BOLT, Vol. 7, No. 7, December, 1946, published monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co., Inc. P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co., Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price, \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

**PUZZLED, DICK REPORTS TO MAJOR FARR.**

AT EASE, MR. COLE. I WANT YOU TO MEET MRS. WITHERS, DRAMATIC COACH OF THE CENTERVIEW SEMINARY FOR GIRLS.



I KNOW YOUR HEART'S SET ON FOOTBALL, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO DROP PRACTICE FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS...

OH, MAJOR FARR! COLE'S JUST THE TYPE!

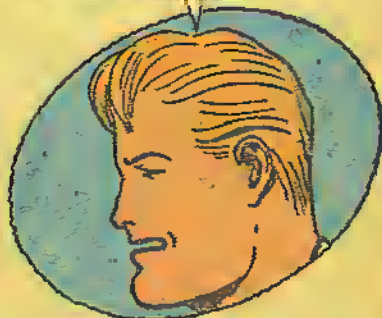


BUT.. SIR...

THE SEMINARY IS PUTTING ON A PLAY FOR CHARITY. MRS. WITHERS HAS ASKED OUR HELP IN FILLING THE MALE ROLES, AND YOU'RE SELECTED FOR ONE ROLE.

THE LOCAL BOY WE HAD FOR OUR LEAD HAS CONTRACTED MEASLES, MR. COLE, AND WE MUST HAVE A NEW LEADING MAN AT ONCE! I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SPLENDID!

BU-BUT I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT ACTING, AND I'D MUCH RATHER PLAY ON THE GRIDIRON THAN ON THE STAGE...

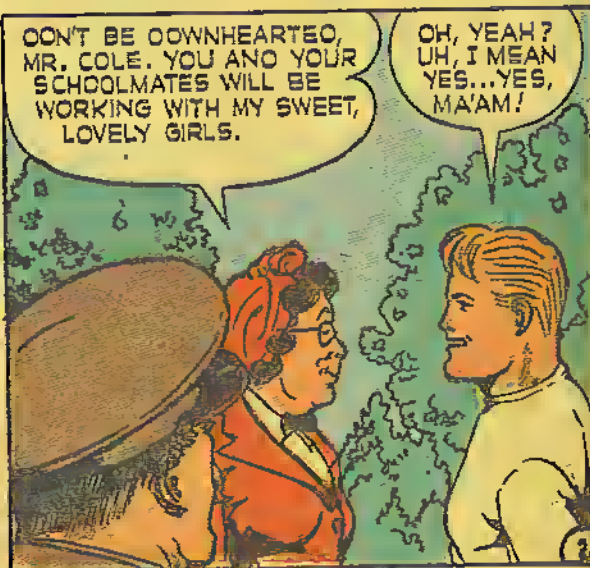


MR. COLE! THIS IS A GOOD WILL GESTURE TO THE SEMINARY, IN A WORTHY CAUSE. I'M ASTOUNDED AT YOUR ATTITUDE. SO, THIS IS AN ORDER... YOU WILL TAKE PART IN THE PLAY.

I.. UH... YES, SIR.

DON'T BE DOWNHEARTED, MR. COLE. YOU AND YOUR SCHOOLMATES WILL BE WORKING WITH MY SWEET, LOVELY GIRLS.

OH, YEAH? UH, I MEAN YES... YES, MA'AM!



**QUESTION**  
No. 1. What actress played the role of Liza in the movie version of "Pygmalion"?



THE  
NEXT  
DAY.

HERE I AM, BOYS. ♪  
I'M TO PICK YOU UP  
EVERY AFTERNOON. ♪  
HOP IN!

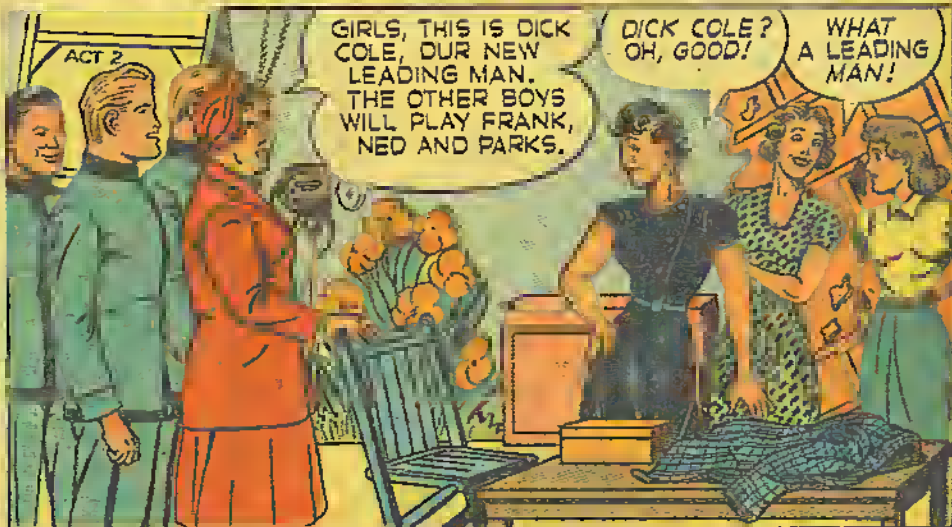
HO, DICK! SO  
YOU'RE ROPED  
IN TOO, EH?

YES, I'M HOOKED...  
GUESS I'LL HAVE  
TO MAKE THE  
BEST OF IT,  
TED.

CHEER UP, CHUMS.  
CENTERVIEW SEMINARY  
IS FULL OF SLICK  
CHICKS! AH-WOOO!



THE FOUR CADETS,  
THESPIANS TO BE,  
PILE INTO THE  
STATION WAGON  
AND ARE DRIVEN  
TO CENTERVIEW  
SEMINARY...ON  
THE STAGE OF  
THE SEMINARY  
AUDITORIUM...



GIRLS, THIS IS DICK  
COLE, OUR NEW  
LEADING MAN.  
THE OTHER BOYS  
WILL PLAY FRANK,  
NED AND PARKS.

DICK COLE?  
OH, GOOD!

WHAT  
A LEADING  
MAN!

AND OUT FRONT  
IN THE EMPTY  
THEATRE...

HOW D'YA LIKE THAT!  
PICKIN' A PUNK FROM  
A HIGH-HAT SCHOOL  
FOR THE PART WHEN  
THEY COULD'VE HAD  
ME, DON PRITTY!  
BAH! I'M GETTING  
OUT OF HERE!

JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT  
FROM THE RIGHT SIDE  
OF THE CENTERVIEW  
TRACKS, THAT OLD  
HAG WITHERS THINKS  
I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH  
FOR HER SWEET LITTLE  
GIRLS!

LATER IN PRITTY'S ROOM...

WHAT'S THIS IN THE  
CENTERVIEW CRIER?  
YIPES! UM-M-M...



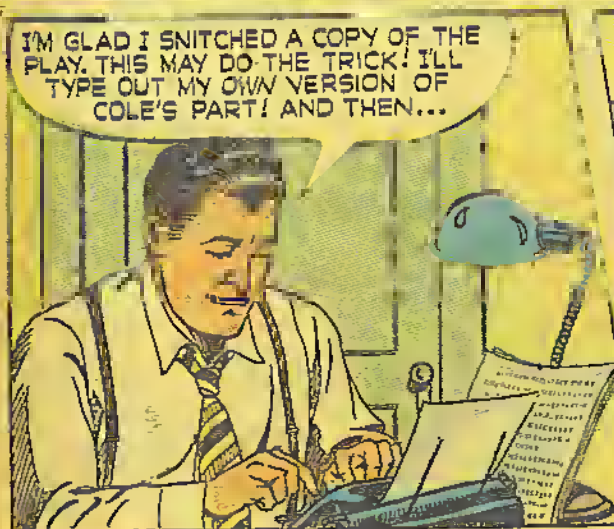


THIS IS SOMETHING! "WENDELL BRACK, TOP TALENT SCOUT FOR MARVEL PICTURES, PLANS TO ATTEND THE CENTERVIEW SEMINARY PRODUCTION OF, 'SERGEANT BILL COMES BACK'."

A MOVIE SCOUT IN CENTERVIEW! BLAST IT! IF I HAD COLE'S PART AND A CHANCE TO ACT FOR BRACK...I'D BE MADE! JUST THINK! TWO GRAND A WEEK...SWIMMING POOL...FAME!...THERE MUST BE A WAY TO CUT THAT SACK OUT OF THAT PLAY! UM-M-M...LET... ME...THINK!

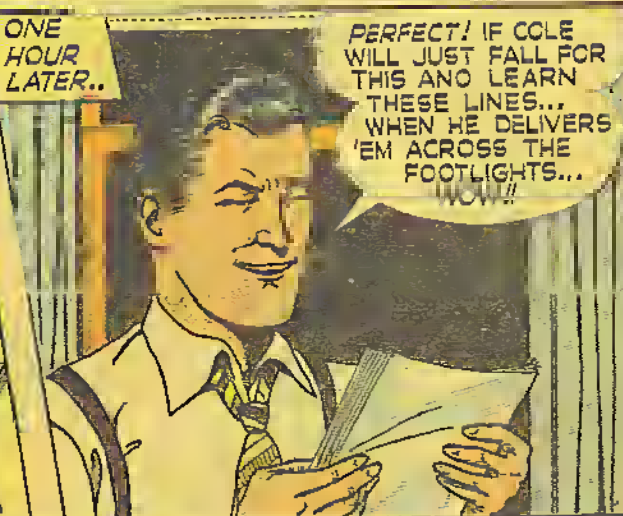


I'M GLAD I SNITCHED A COPY OF THE PLAY. THIS MAY DO THE TRICK! I'LL TYPE OUT MY OWN VERSION OF COLE'S PART! AND THEN...



ONE HOUR LATER...

PERFECT! IF COLE WILL JUST FALL FOR THIS AND LEARN THESE LINES... WHEN HE DELIVERS 'EM ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS... WOW!!



THE NEXT DAY, DICK HAS A CALLER AT FARR.

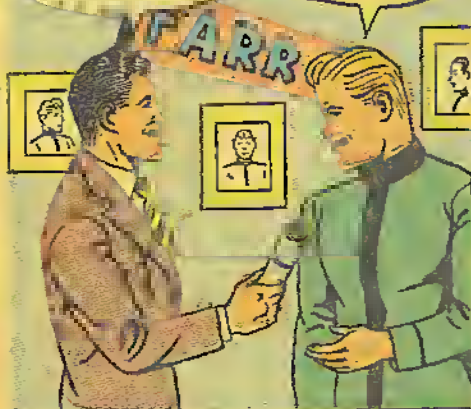
MAY I COME IN, MR. COLE? I'M DON PRITTY... MRS. WITHERS SENT ME...

COME IN.



MR. COLE, THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN YOUR PART... HERE'S THE NEW VERSION...

A CHANGE? GOSH! AND I'M LETTER PERFECT IN MY LINES!



YOU'LL HAVE LEARNED THE NEW LINES BY THE NEXT REHEARSAL, OF COURSE!

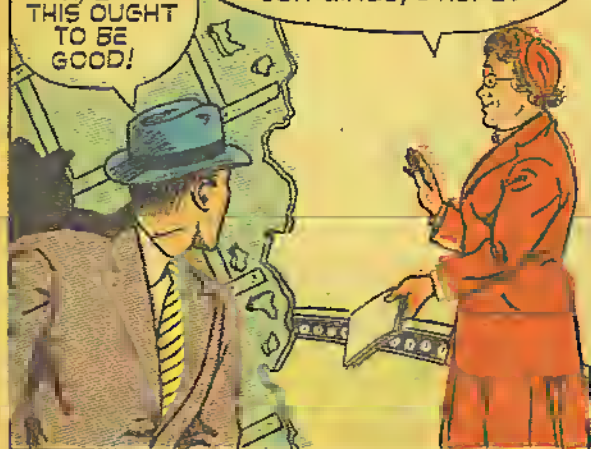
WHEW! THAT IS AN ORDER, BUT, TELL MRS. WITHERS I'LL DO MY BEST.



THE NEXT  
REHEARSAL.

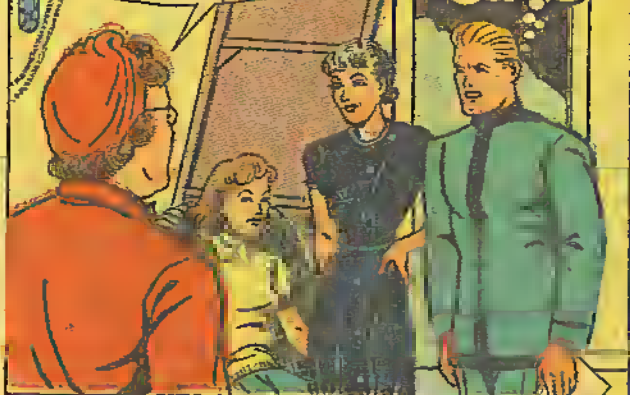
OH, BOY!  
THIS OUGHT  
TO BE  
GOOD!

ATTENTION, PLEASE! WE'LL  
RUN THROUGH FIRST SCENE,  
ACT TWO. WE ALL KNOW  
OUR LINES, I HOPE.



NOW, THIS IS A SERIOUS  
SCENE. THE YOUNG  
VETERAN'S HOME-COMING.  
PLAY IT WITH FEELING,  
MR. COLE...TRAGIC..  
...SAO...

HUH? SERIOUS, SAO?  
WHY, HE'S A SCREW-  
BALL ACCORDING  
TO THE SCRIPT.  
WELL, HERE GOES..

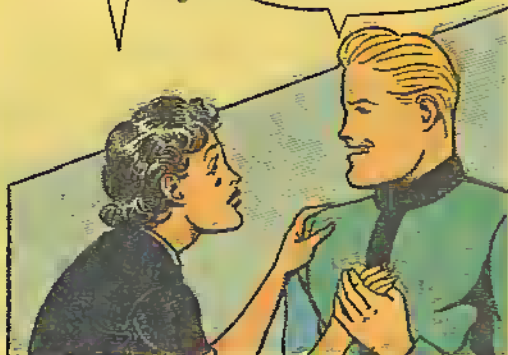


DICK GOES OFF  
STAGE AND, ON  
CUE, MAKES HIS  
ENTRANCE.

THE  
REHEARSAL  
IS ON...

BILL! BILL!  
YOU'RE HOME!  
HOME AT  
LAST!

HIYA, BABE! WHAT'S  
COOKIN'? HOW'S THE  
GANG AT MIKE'S  
SINCE I BIN AWAY?



OH, BILL! I'M SO  
HAPPY! B-BUT  
YOU-YOU SEEM  
CHANGED,  
BILL!

SO WHAT, COOKIE?  
SAY, DRAG OUT  
TH' OLO SPIT-  
TOON...WE'LL  
HAVE SOME  
TARGET PRACTICE.



STOP! STOP THIS  
INSTANT!



YOU'RE MAKING A  
MOCKERY OF A  
BEAUTIFUL PLAY,  
AND OF YOUR  
FELLOW  
PLAYERS! IT'S  
OUTRAGEOUS!

BUT-BUT  
-I-I-  
GULP!



NO EXCUSES! YOU ARE DIS-  
MISSED FROM THE PLAY, AND  
MAJOR FARR SHALL HEAR  
OF THIS! NOW, YOU LEAVE,  
YOU YOUNG SCAMP!

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
GOES, BUT  
EVIDENTLY I  
GO. GOOD-BYE,  
MRS. WITHERS.





AND, AS DICK DEPARTS...

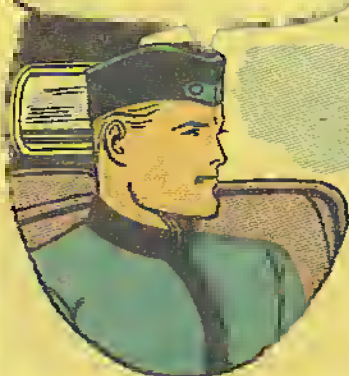
OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN.  
I MUST REPLACE  
COLE IMMEDIATELY...  
YES, YOU GET THE  
ROLE, MR. PRITTY.

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN AN AMATEUR  
IS USED INSTEAD OF  
A REAL ACTOR.  
LET ME HAVE THE  
ROLE, MRS. WITHERS.



DICK HOPS THE BUS TO FARR..

I DON'T GET IT. BUT, OH, WELL,  
THAT'S THAT... NOW I'LL  
GET BACK TO FOOTBALL.  
GOSH! I WONDER  
WHAT MAJOR FARR'LL SAY!



ARRIVING AT  
FARR, DICK IS  
NOTIFIED TO  
REPORT TO  
MAJOR FARR.  
HE SOON  
FINDS OUT  
WHAT THE  
MAJOR WILL  
SAY.

MR COLE! MRS. WITHERS  
HAS JUST PHONED ME, AND I  
AM ASTOUNDED AT YOUR  
REPREHENSIBLE CONDUCT!  
A GHASTLY DISPLAY OF  
POOR SPORTSMANSHIP, SIR!



BUT YOUR NASTY LITTLE  
TRICK TO GET OUT OF THE  
PLAY AND BACK TO FOOT-  
BALL, WILL NOT WORK!  
YOU ARE INELIGIBLE FOR  
THE TEAM! YOU MAY GO,  
MR. COLE!



EACH DAY, DICK DEJECTEDLY  
WATCHES PRACTICE...

BARK HALL'S GOIN'  
GREAT GUNS, EH?

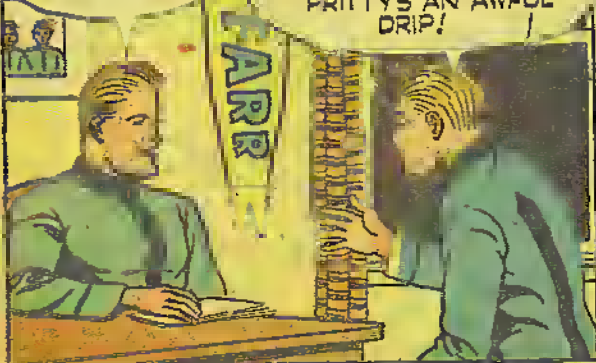
RIGHT! BUT WE  
SURE'LL MISS  
DICK COLE!



FRIDAY NIGHT, DICK DROPS INTO TED TCDLEY'S  
ROOM...

WELL, TED, IS  
THE PLAY IN  
GOOD SHAPE  
FOR THE OPENING  
TOMORROW?

GOSH, NO, DICK!  
PRITTY'S TRYIN' TO BE  
THE WHOLE SHOW AND  
HAMS UP HIS TRAGIC  
LINES SOMETHING AWFUL.  
PRITTY'S AN AWFUL  
DRIP!



IDLY, DICK PICKS UP THE SCRIPT FROM THE TABLE.

SAY, TED, IS PRITTY USING  
THESE LINES HERE IN  
THIS SCRIPT? HE IS?  
HM-M-M... FUNNY!

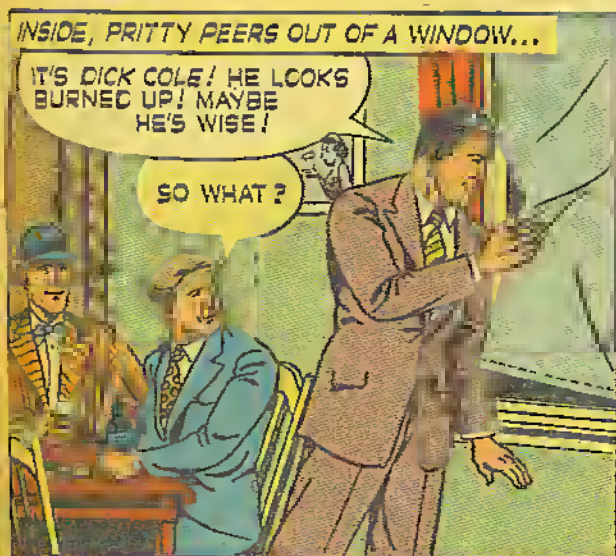
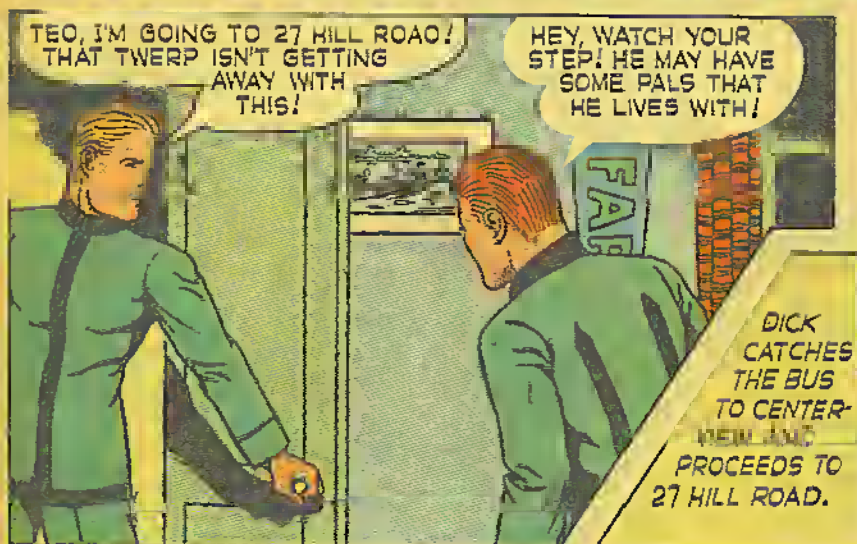
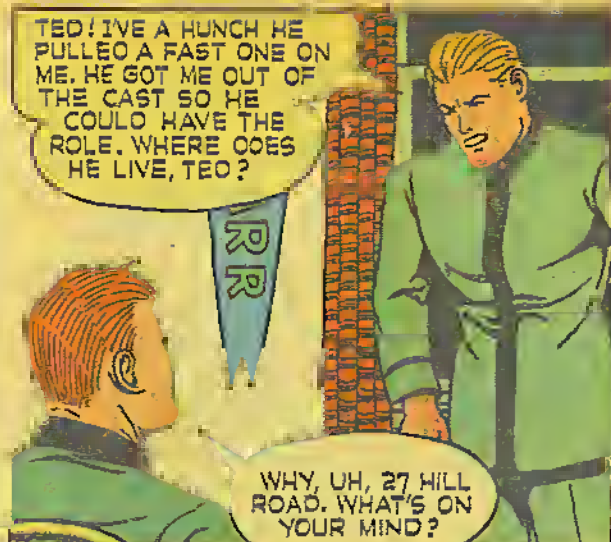
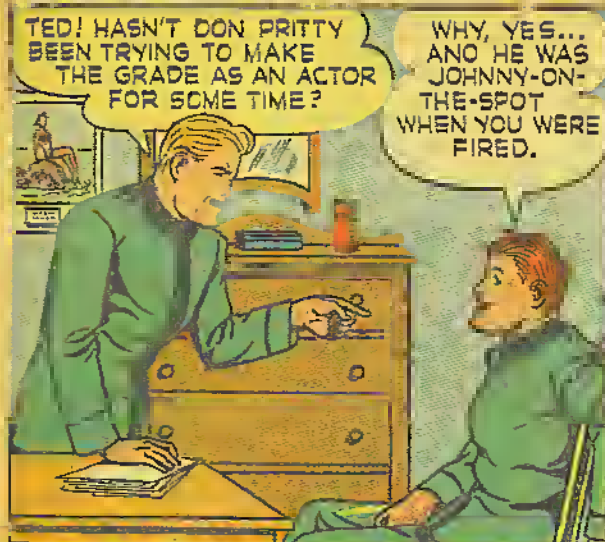


THEN WHY DID  
PRITTY BRING ME  
THOSE WACKY LINES  
THAT GOT ME FIRED  
FROM THE CAST,  
TED?



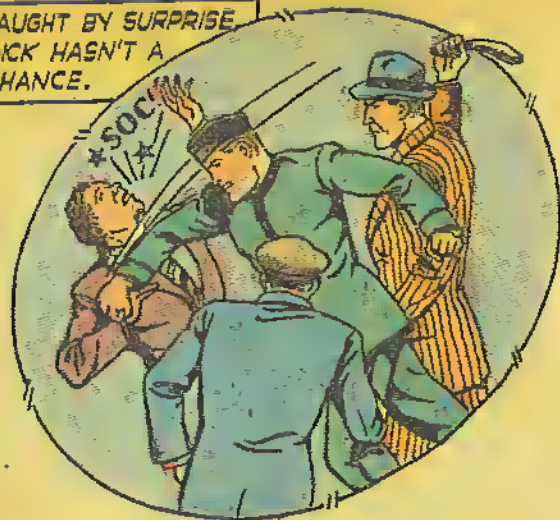
QUESTION No. 3: There are 16 baseball teams in the major leagues. How many cities are represented?







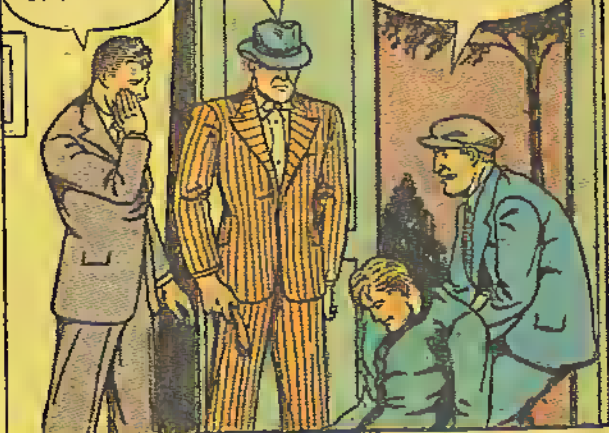
CAUGHT BY SURPRISE  
DICK HASN'T A  
CHANCE.



OW! MY JAW!  
THAT GUY'S  
A TOUGH  
BATTLER!

WHAT'LL WE  
DO WITH HIM,  
MACK?

I GOT AN IDEA...  
C'MON WE'LL PUT  
HIM IN THE CAR  
AND THEN...



THEY ORNE TO THE RAILROAD AND  
SHOVE DICK INTO A FREIGHT CAR...

THERE! SHUT THE DOOR, SLICK.  
AFTER ALL, WE BROKE THE  
SEAL TO GET IT OPEN...AND  
THAT'S BAD IF THE BULLS  
GET US. HURRY!



IN THEIR HASTE, THE  
TOUGHS HAVE PUT DICK  
INTO A REFRIGERATOR  
CAR... AND MINUTES  
LATER, HE COMES TO...

B-R-R-R! I'M FREEZING!  
I GOT TO GET OUT OF  
HERE BEFORE I  
TURN INTO AN  
ICICLE!



HELP! S-S-SOME-B-BODY!  
HELP! IT'S N-NO USE! AH...  
CRATES! I'LL B-BUILD  
A F-F-FIRE... B-R-R...

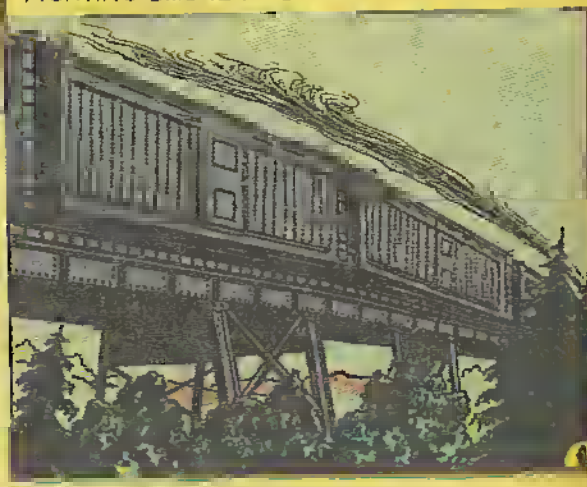


LATER...

KOFF! KOF! MAKES IT...WARMER  
...BUT IF I...KOF, DON'T F-FREEZE,  
I'LL...KOFF...PROBABLY  
SUFFOCATE...KOF!



THE TRAIN CLICKS ALONG WITH DICK  
FIGHTING SMOKE AND ICE...





FINALLY, THE TRAIN STOPS AT A SIDING. TRAINMEN SPY THE SMOKING CAR..OPEN THE DOOR AND DRAG DICK OUT TO CLEAN, FRESH AIR...

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG FELLER. TALK FAST OR IT'S THE JUG FOR YOU!

I CAN EXPLAIN...



DICK CONVINCES THE TRAINMEN, WHO LET HIM GO..AND..

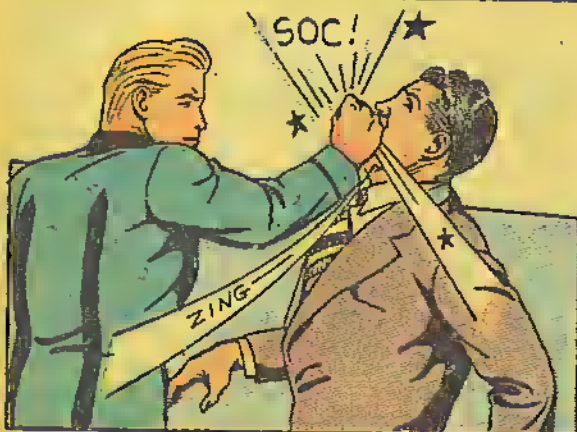
I HOPE I'M LUCKY THUMBING A RIDE BACK TO CENTERVIEW. IT'S A LONG WALK FROM HERE. AH, HE'S SLOWING DOWN.



THIS FELLOW'S GOING CLEAR TO CENTERVIEW... PINE! I SURE HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH PRITTY...I HOPE WE GET THERE BEFORE THE SHOW STARTS!



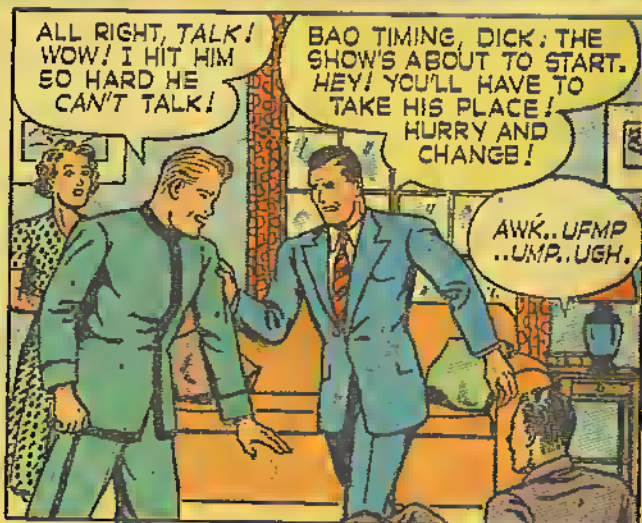
DICK REACHES THE SEMINARY JUST BEFORE CURTAIN TIME, OASHES BACKSTAGE..AND...



ALL RIGHT, TALK! WOW! I HIT HIM SO HARD HE CAN'T TALK!

BAO TIMING, DICK: THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START. HEY! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS PLACE! HURRY AND CHANGE!

AWK..UFMP ..UMP..UGH.



RELUCTANTLY, DICK GOES ON WITH THE ONLY LINES HE KNOWS.

HIYA, CUTIE? WHY SO SNOOTY, EH?

I-OH-GULP-UH WELCOME, BILL.



AFTER THE SHOW...

COMEDY?! OH, OH... GRIEF!

I'M W. BRACK. BEST COMEDY ROLE I EVER SAW! INTERESTED IN A HOLLYWOOD SCREEN TEST, COLE?



THANK YOU- BUT ALL I WANT IS TO GET SQUARE WITH MAJOR FARR.

RICHARD, YOU WERE GRANO! GREAT COMEDY! I REINSTATE YOU ON THE FOOTBALL SQUAD!

WHOOPS! ER-UH-I MEAN, THANK YOU, SIR!



ANSWER No. 4. An individual who buys stocks, hoping to sell them later at a higher price.



# U.S. ROYAL

AND HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

## FIGHTING THE FOREST FIRE!

THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB, LED BY ITS SPONSOR, DEPUTY "U.S." ROYAL, IS CAMPING OUT ON "OLD SMOKEY" ... WHEN --

PHEW! LUCKY I SAW YOU BOYS CAMP HERE. THERE'S A FIRE DOWN THE LINE AND MY PHONE'S DEAD!

I'LL CALL THE BOYS!

YOU FELLOWS WARN THE PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY...

...AND...

I'LL RIDE MY JET BIKE TO THE LUMBER CAMP FOR HELP.

"U.S." IS BLOCKED BY THE RAGING FIRE... BUT, GAMBLING ON THE SPEED OF HIS JET BIKE, HURTLES THROUGH.

COME ON, "JET"... LET'S GO!

ARRIVING AT THE LUMBER CAMP...

FIRE! GET YOUR SHOVELS AND FOLLOW ME! HURRY!

WITH THE HELP OF YOU BOYS, WE SAVED MANY LIVES AND PREVENTED SERIOUS DAMAGE. YOU AND YOUR BIKES DESERVE OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE.

A BIKE IS NO BETTER THAN ITS TIRES... AND U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS. THEY'RE RUGGED AND SAFE... A WINNING COMBINATION THAT ALWAYS PUTS "U.S." IN THE LEAD.

THE "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN" GIVES US SURE FOOTING ON ANY ROAD!

"WE ARE ALWAYS READY TO GO WITH OUR BIKES -- SLIPPERY ROADS DON'T FAZE US. U.S. BIKE TIRES GIVE US 'DRY ROAD' TRACTION. THE 'BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN' GRIPS THE ROAD, TAKES THE HILLS AND TURNS SO EASILY. MAKE YOUR NEXT BIKE TIRES 'U.S.' AND BE SURE YOU RIDE THE BEST."

# U.S.

## BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science



# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



BLUE BOLT'S LATEST ASSIGNMENT FOR "GLIMPSES," THE PICTURE MAGAZINE, TAKES HIM TO KENTUCKY --



WELCOME, GENTLEMEN! I'M COLONEL BINTON.

HIYA, COLONEL! THIS JOINT'S SO PRETTY, I ALMOST WISH I WAS A HORSE MYSELF -- AND DON'T TELL ME I GOT THE FACE FOR IT -- HEH! HEH!





YOUR EDITOR PERSUADED ME, SUH, THAT THE PUBLIC DESERVES A CHANCE TO SEE HOW AMERICA'S BEST HORSES ARE BRED.

BLUE GRASS FARM HAS A WONDERFUL REPUTATION, COLONEL!

YES, AND I NEVER BRED A BETTER ONE THAN ROCKET!

WHERE'S ROCKET NOW?

I TURNED HIM OUT TO PASTURE FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS! BOGGS HERE CAN FIND HIM FOR YOU!

IF MY OLD BONES WEREN'T SO STIFF, I'D SHOW YOU AROUND MYSELF. GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN!

BRING ON THE HORSES, BOGGSY, OLE BOY!

SOON--

BETTER GET SOME SHOTS OF ROCKET, TOO, SNAP!

OKE!

NIX! YA CAN'T GO NEAR ROCKET! HE'S-- UH-- SICK!

SO WHAT? TAKING HIS PICTURE WON'T HURT HIM--AND MAYBE HE'D LIKE THE PUBLICITY!

THERE HE IS NOW-- AND HE LOOKS PERFECTLY HEALTHY!

SURE! AND THE COLONEL GAVE US A GREEN LIGHT-- STEP ASIDE, BOGGSY! YOU'RE IN THE PATH OF A GREAT ARTIST!



RUN ALONG, SQUIRT!  
SNAP THAT CAMERA AND  
I'LL SMASH IT TO BITS---  
AND YOU, TOO!

ULP!

CALM DOWN, TOUGH GUY!  
IT ISN'T IMPORTANT ENOUGH  
TO FIGHT OVER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

THE NERVE OF  
THAT GUY! I  
SHOULDA SOCKED  
HIM!

STRANGE...  
WHY DID HE  
GET SO  
EXCITED--- AS  
IF HE WERE  
TRYING TO HIDE  
SOMETHING?

HEY! DON'T  
LEAVE ME ALONE  
WITH BOGGS.  
I MIGHT  
HAVE TO  
STRIKE THE  
SAP!

I'LL BE  
RIGHT BACK!  
I WANT TO  
GET SOMETHING  
FROM COLONEL  
BINTON!

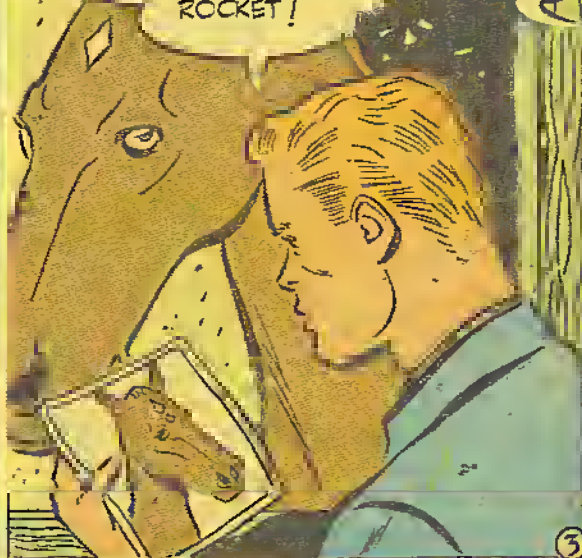
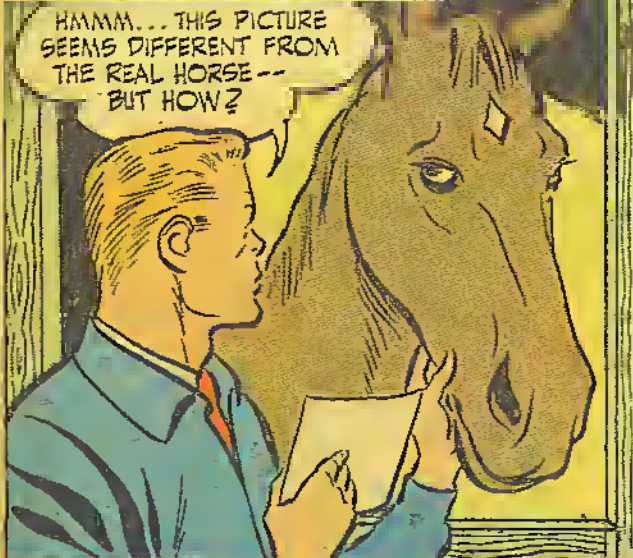
GOLLY! LOOKS AS IF  
MY HUNCH WAS WRONG!  
BUT I'LL SLIP DOWN TO  
THE STABLE,  
JUST TO MAKE  
SURE!



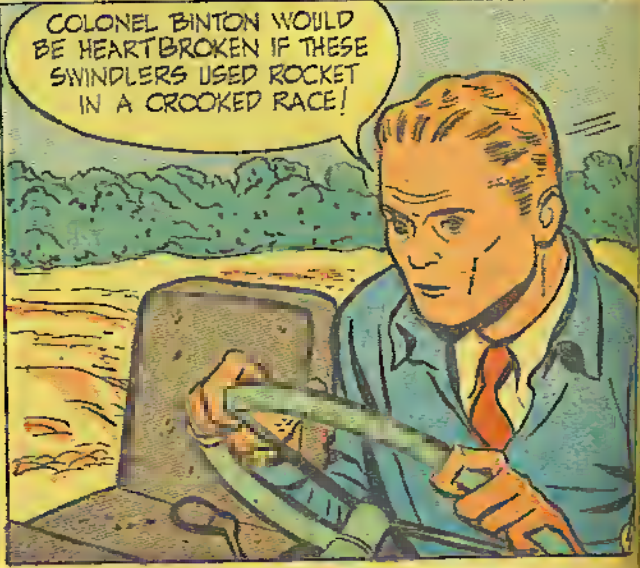
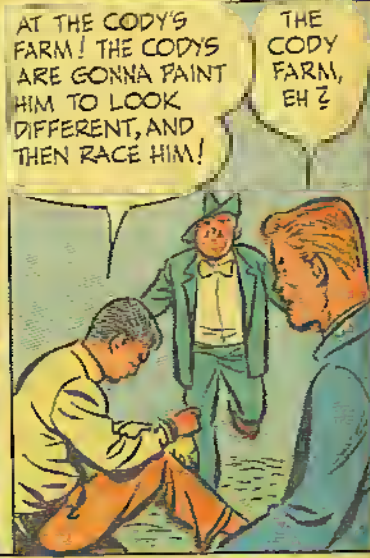
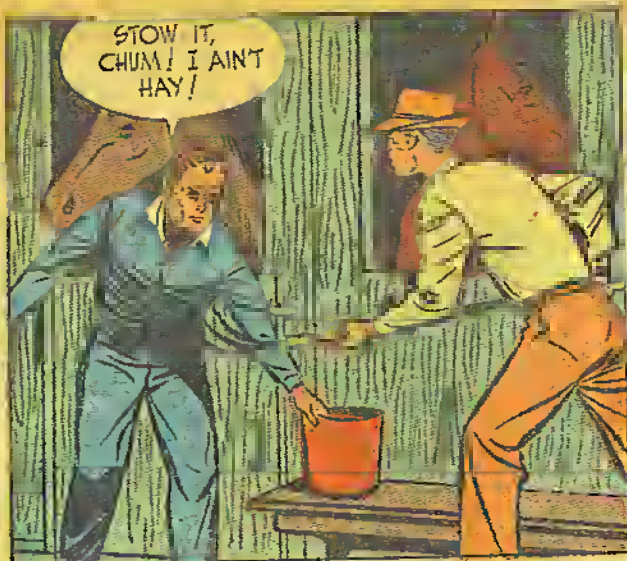
THEY HAVE  
DIFFERENT  
MARKS ON THEIR HEADS!  
THIS HORSE ISN'T  
ROCKET!

YOU  
DOGGONE  
SNOOPER!

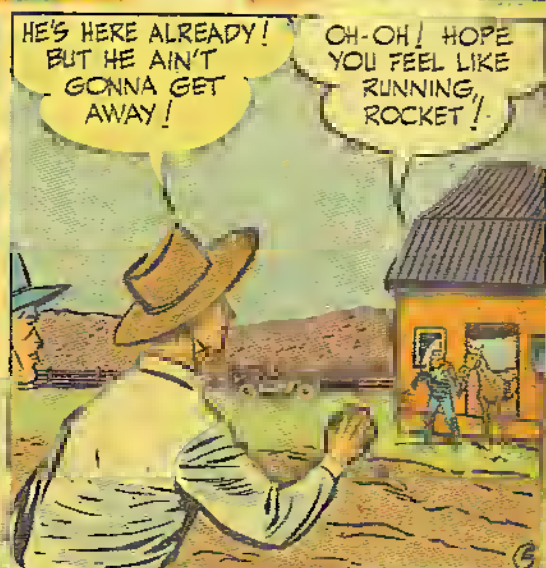
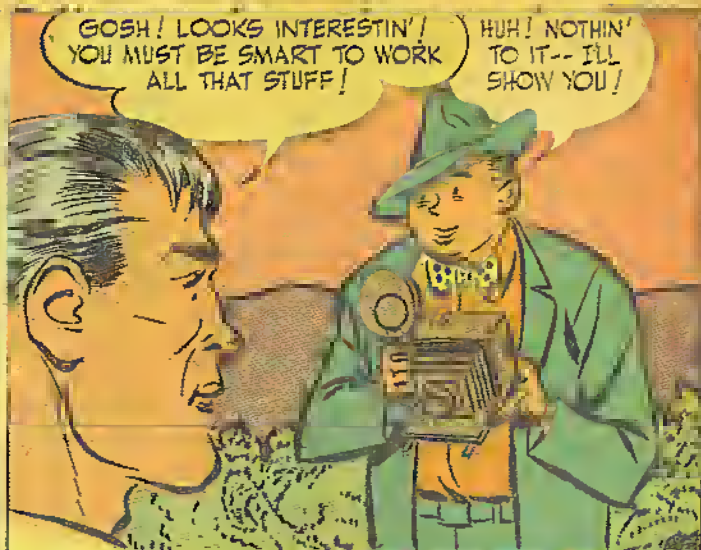
HMMM... THIS PICTURE  
SEEMS DIFFERENT FROM  
THE REAL HORSE---  
BUT HOW?



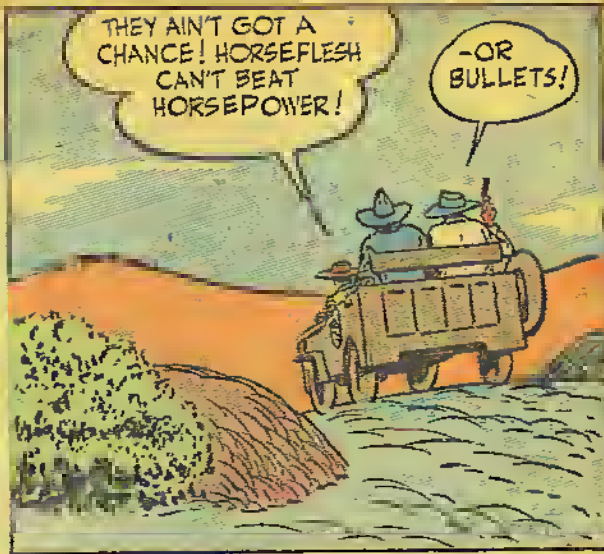
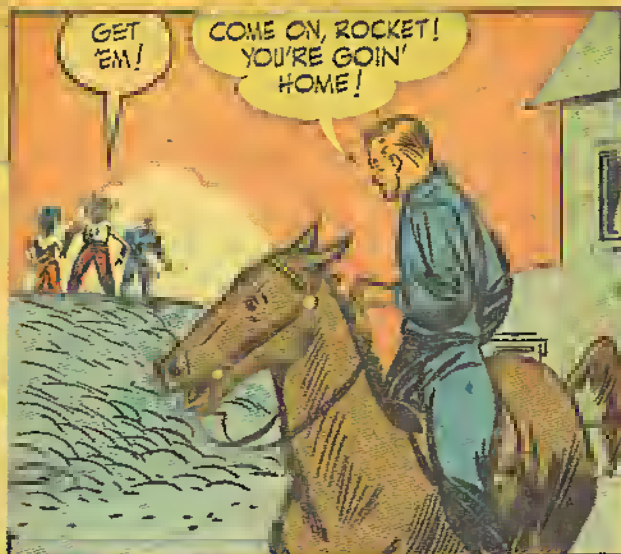




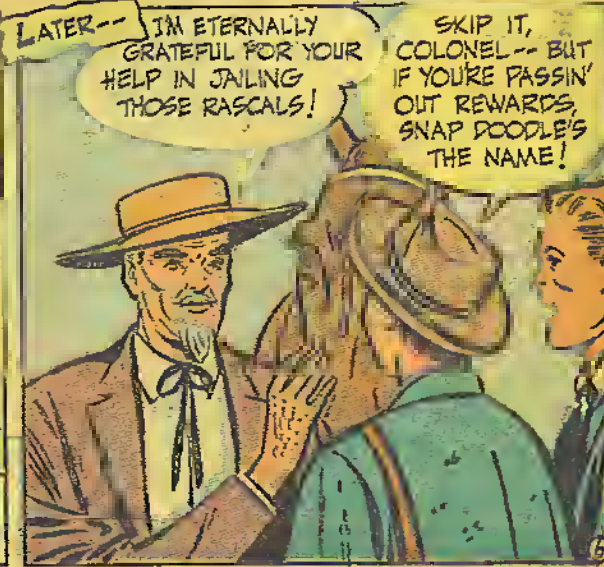
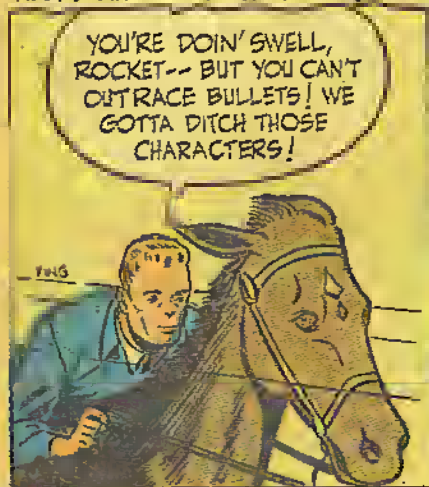






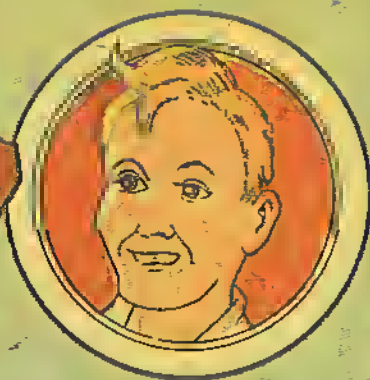


BUT THE SPEEDY RACEHORSE KEEPS AHEAD OF THE AUTO!





# Edison Bell



HAH! BULL'S-EYE!  
NOW WHO'S THE  
CHAMPEEN BEAN  
BAG THROWER?

WRONG, PAL! YOU  
TICKED IT BUT IT DID  
NOT GO DOWN!

WE FIND THE BOYS SPENDING  
WHAT STARTS TO BE A  
QUIET EVENING AT HOME...

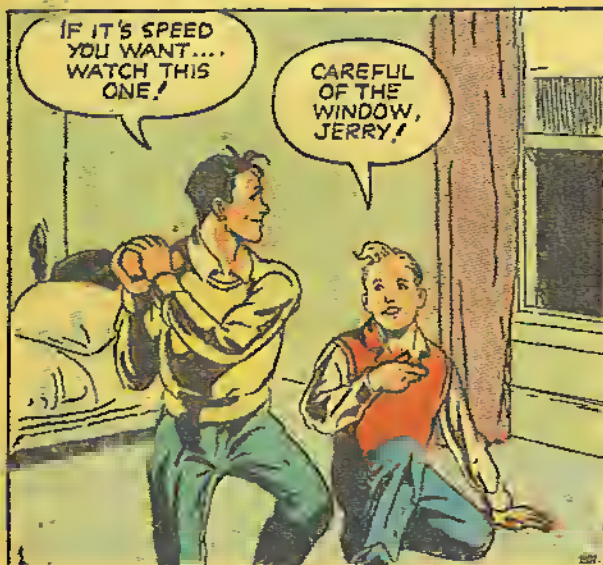


IF IT'S SPEED  
YOU WANT....  
WATCH THIS  
ONE!

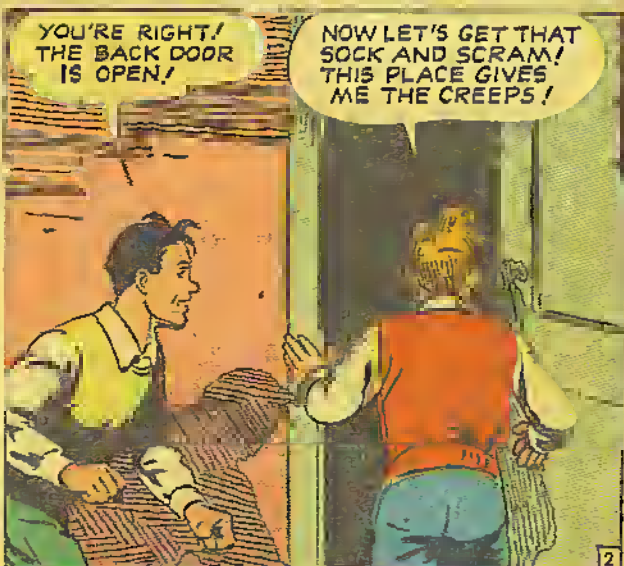
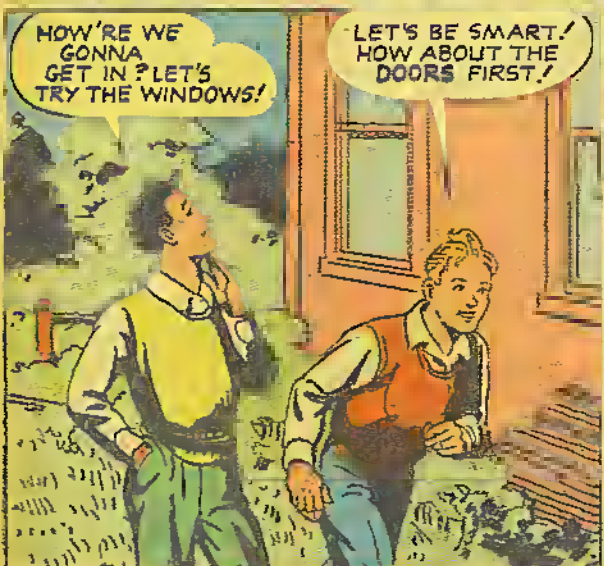
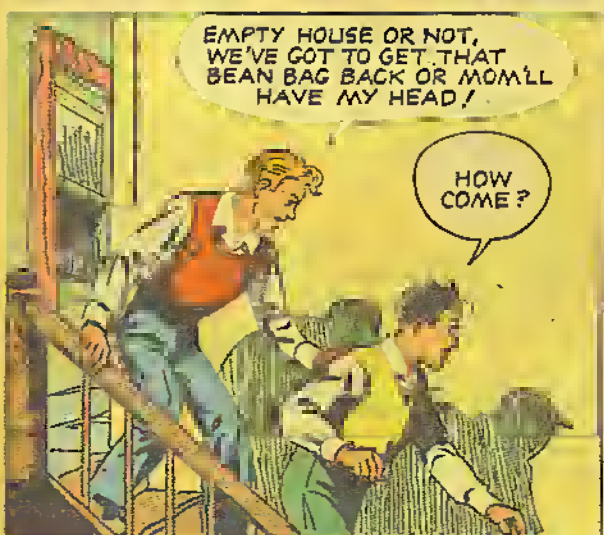
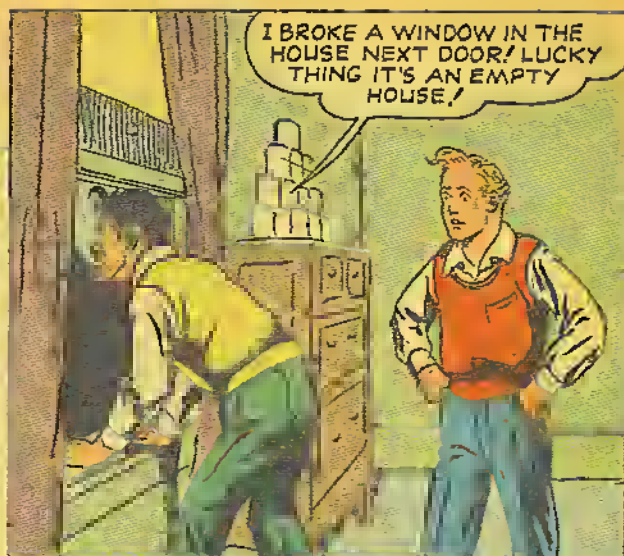
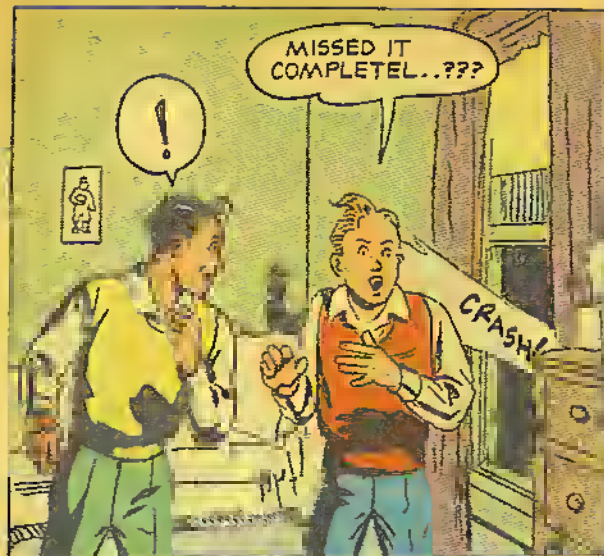
CAREFUL  
OF THE  
WINDOW,  
JERRY!

WILD SHOT!  
THERE GOES  
THE  
WINDO-O-OW!

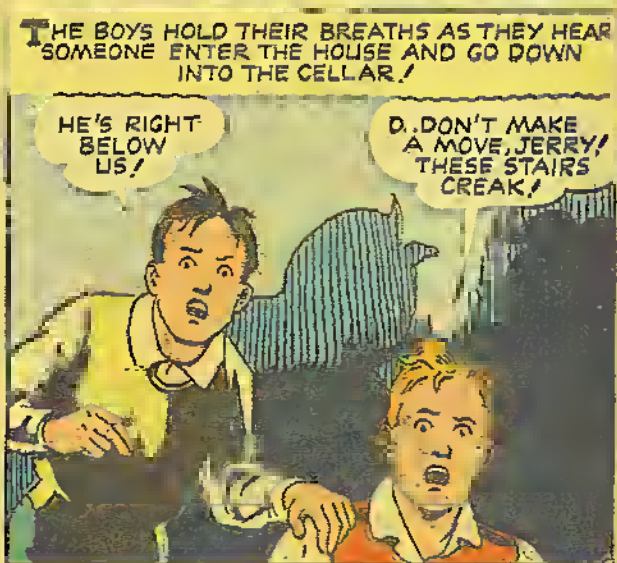
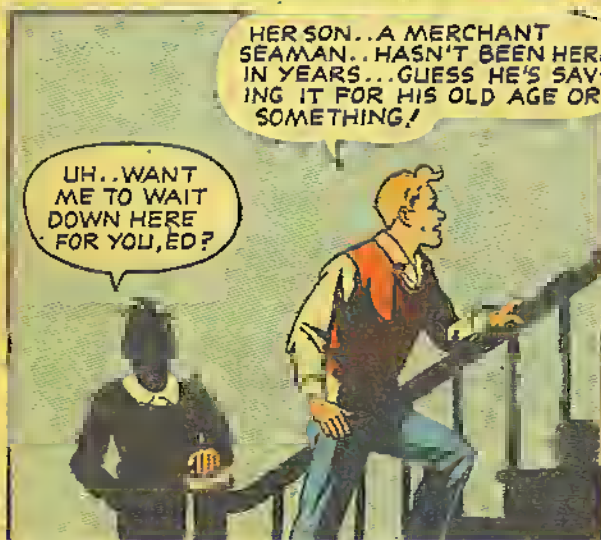
WRONG, PAL! IT WENT  
RIGHT THROUGH THE  
OPEN PART!  
HA! HA!









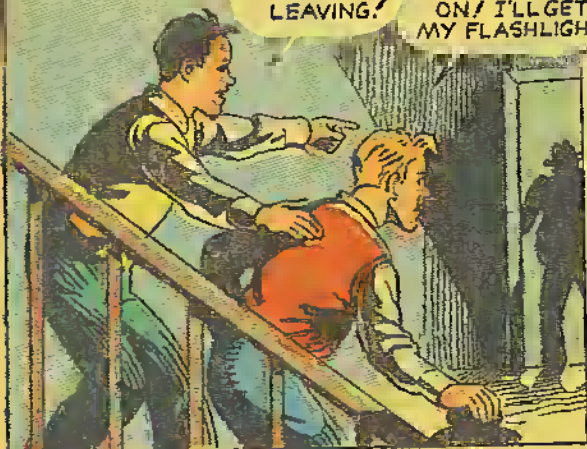




A FEW LONG MINUTES PASS...

LOOKED!  
HE'S  
LEAVING!

SOMETHING  
FUNNY GOING  
ON! I'LL GET  
MY FLASHLIGHT!



ED RETURNS AND THEY GO DOWN TO INVESTIGATE

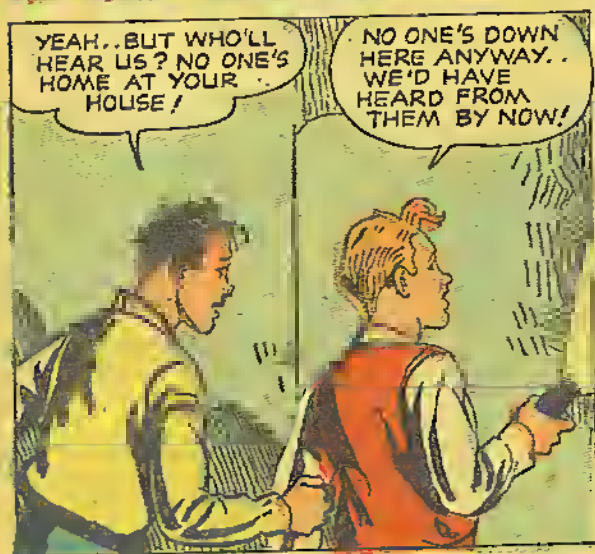
W..WHAT IF THERE'S  
SOMEONE DOWN  
THERE?

HOLLER LIKE  
HECK AND  
RUN!



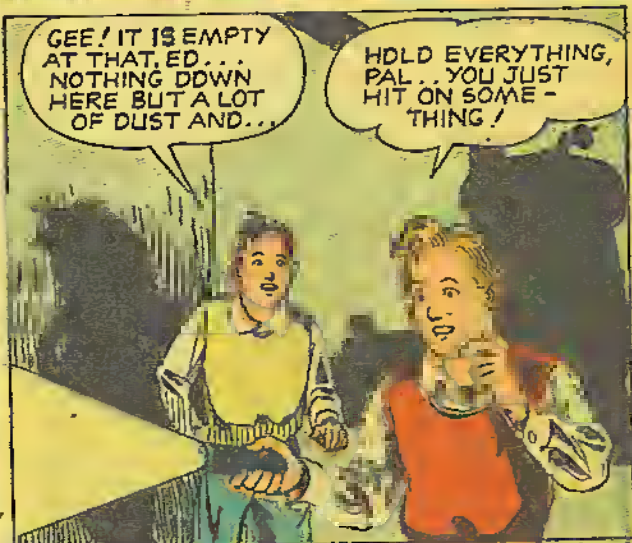
YEAH..BUT WHO'LL  
HEAR US? NO ONE'S  
HOME AT YOUR  
HOUSE!

NO ONE'S DOWN  
HERE ANYWAY..  
WE'D HAVE  
HEARD FROM  
THEM BY NOW!



GEE! IT IS EMPTY  
AT THAT, ED...  
NOTHING DOWN  
HERE BUT A LOT  
OF DUST AND...

HOLD EVERYTHING,  
PAL.. YOU JUST  
HIT ON SOME -  
THING!



WHAT'S  
THAT,  
ED?

DUST!..  
LOTS OF IT...  
EXCEPT ON  
THESE WALL  
SHELVES!



LET'S SEE IF  
HOLY SMOKE!  
THEY MOVE!

WOW!  
A SECRET  
DOOR!



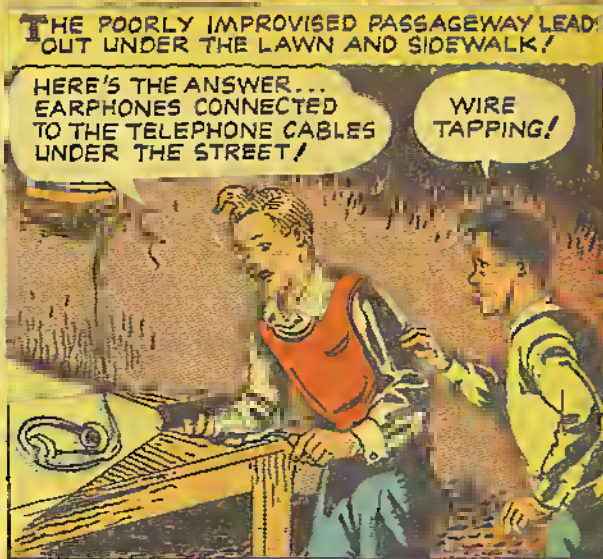
QUESTION No. 5 "Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf," pertains to a collection of books. Name the collection.





A TUNNEL! WHAT'S IT FOR, ED?

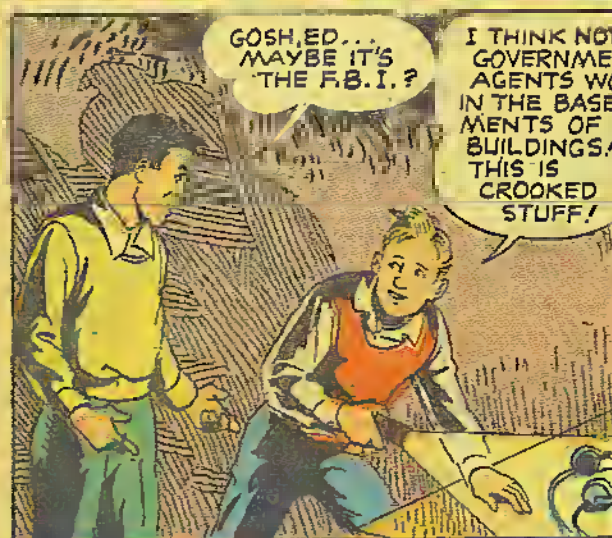
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! C'MON!



THE POORLY IMPROVISED PASSAGEWAY LEADS OUT UNDER THE LAWN AND SIDEWALK!

HERE'S THE ANSWER... EARPHONES CONNECTED TO THE TELEPHONE CABLES UNDER THE STREET!

WIRE TAPPING!



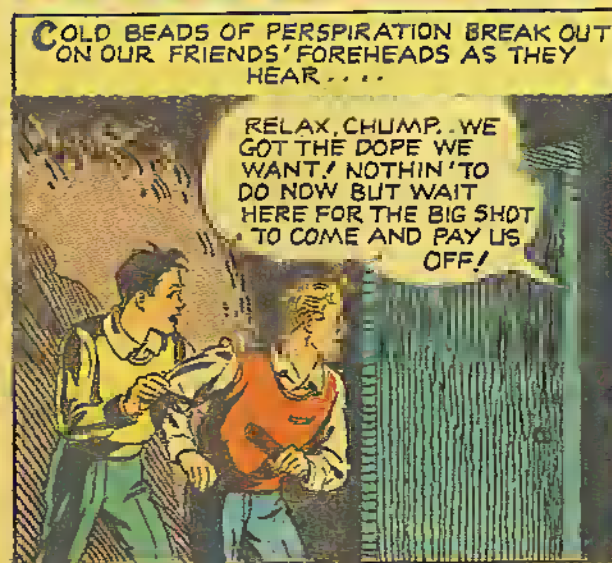
GOSH, ED... MAYBE IT'S THE F.B.I.?

I THINK NOT! GOVERNMENT AGENTS WORK IN THE BASEMENTS OF BUILDINGS! THIS IS CROOKED STUFF!



YIPE! WE BETTER SCRAM BEFORE THEY COME, B...

SHH! SOMEONE'S COMING!



COLD BEADS OF PERSPIRATION BREAK OUT ON OUR FRIENDS' FOREHEADS AS THEY HEAR...

RELAX, CHUMP. WE GOT THE DOPE WE WANT! NOTHIN' TO DO NOW BUT WAIT HERE FOR THE BIG SHOT TO COME AND PAY US OFF!

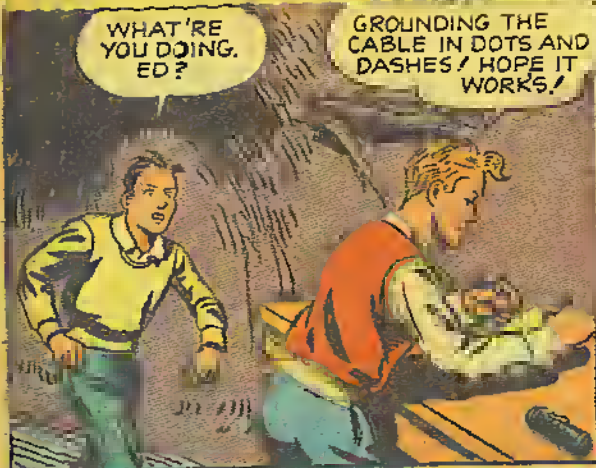


ED STARTS BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL... TOWARD THE DEAD END...

WHAT'S ED UP TO? ..WE'RE TRAPPED!



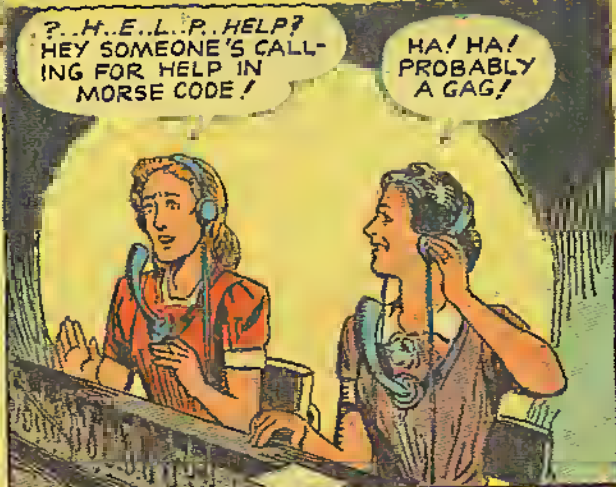
ED FLICKS HIS LIGHT ON FOR A SECOND,  
LOCATES THE BARED TELEPHONE WIRE,  
AND THEN GOES TO WORK!



WHAT'RE  
YOU DOING,  
ED?

GROUNDING THE  
CABLE IN DOTS AND  
DASHES! HOPE IT  
WORKS!

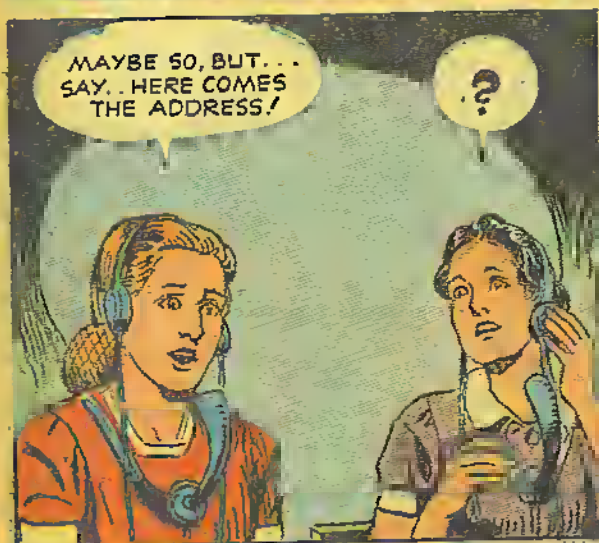
AND IT DOES! A LOCAL TELEPHONE OPERATOR  
PICKS IT UP!



?..H..E..L..P..HELP?  
HEY SOMEONE'S CALL-  
ING FOR HELP IN  
MORSE CODE!

HA! HA!  
PROBABLY  
A GAG!

MAYBE SO, BUT...  
SAY... HERE COMES  
THE ADDRESS!

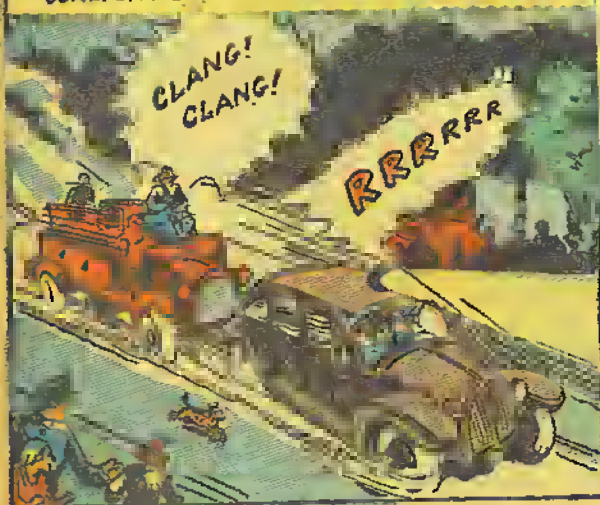


I'M CALLING  
THE COPS!

I'LL CALL THE  
FIRE DEPART-  
MENT... JUST TO  
MAKE SURE!  
ISN'T IT EXCITING?



SOON THE STREETS ARE FILLED WITH  
SCREAMING AND CLANGING CARS AND TRUCKS



CLANG!  
CLANG!

RRRRRR

...ALL CONVERGING ON THE OLD HOUSE!



COPPERS!  
I'M GONNA  
LAM!

TOO LATE!  
WE GOTTA  
SHOOT IT  
OUT!

QUESTION No. 9: How many of you can spell the letters SOS in Morse code?



# Sergeant Spook

ART BY DON RICO



**CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**  
PARTICULARLY WHEN JERRY  
AND HIS PAL, SERGEANT  
SPOOK, ARE IN THE NEIGH-  
BORHOOD... A YOUNG  
HOODLUM LEARNS THAT  
--THE HARD WAY!

JERRY STUMBLES INTO A  
STRANGE SITUATION ....

NEXT TIME--SELL MORE  
PAPERS--OR YOU'LL GET  
WORSE THAN  
THAT!



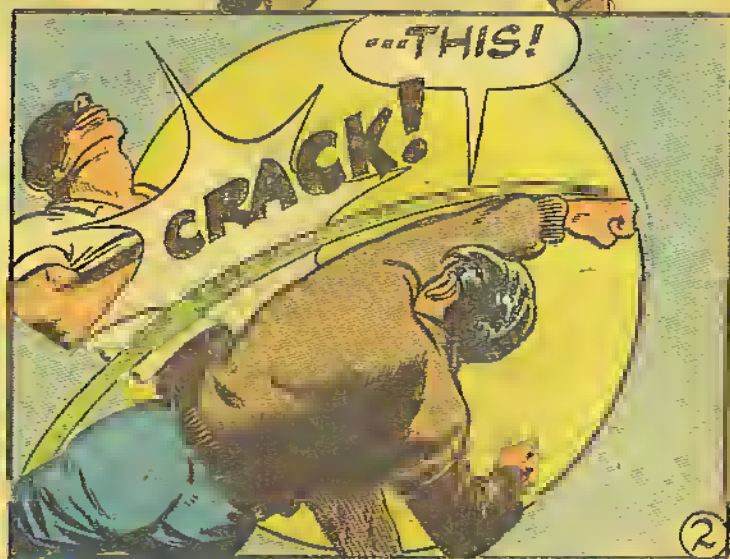
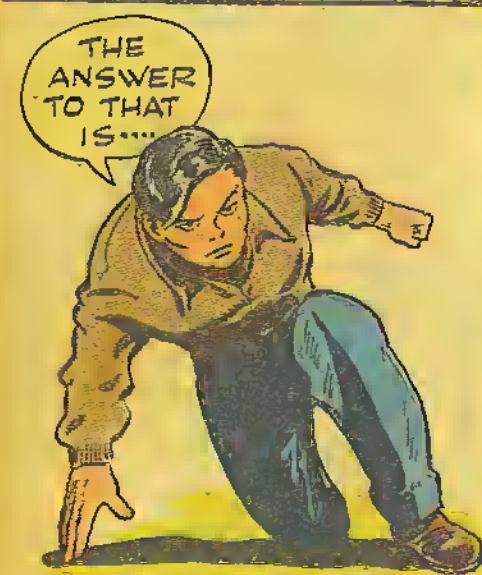
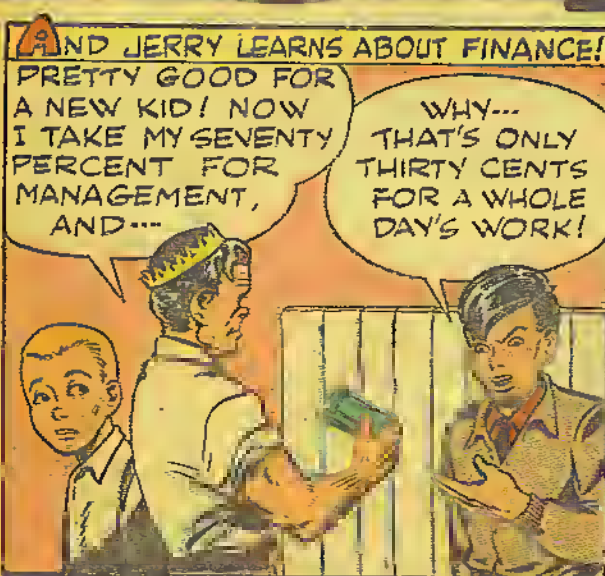
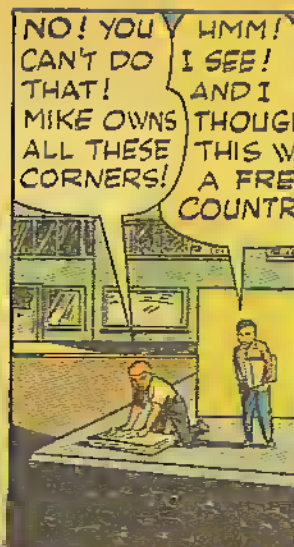
AND YOU! IF  
YOU'RE A NEW KID  
THAT WANTS TO  
SELL PAPERS--  
GET IN  
LINE!



SELL THESE ON MY CORNER  
OVER THERE WITH THAT  
OTHER KID! NOW...  
**SCRAM!**









GUESS I HAVE  
TA GIVE THIS  
FRESH KID THE  
REAL BUSINESS!  
I'LL USE THE  
BRASS  
KNUCKLES  
SPIKE  
GAVE  
ME!

NOW SEE  
WHAT YOU  
DID! YOU  
MADE HIM  
MAD!

I'M IN A BAD  
SPOT, ALL  
RIGHT! LUCKY  
I CAN CALL  
SERGEANT  
SPOOK BY  
RUBBING  
THIS RING!

SORRY, SPOOK!  
I THOUGHT I COULD  
HANDLE THIS  
MYSELF!

THAT'S OKAY,  
JERRY! JUST  
DUCK!



OF COURSE,  
NO ONE CAN  
SEE SPOOK  
EXCEPT  
JERRY, SO...

NICE  
TRY,  
MIKE!

OW!

THAT'LL TEACH  
HIM A  
LESSON!



OOOOH!  
THESE BRASS  
KNUCKLES  
ALMOST BROKE  
MY HAND!

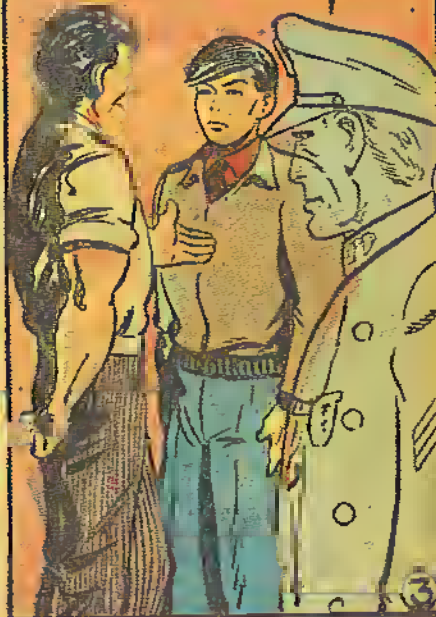
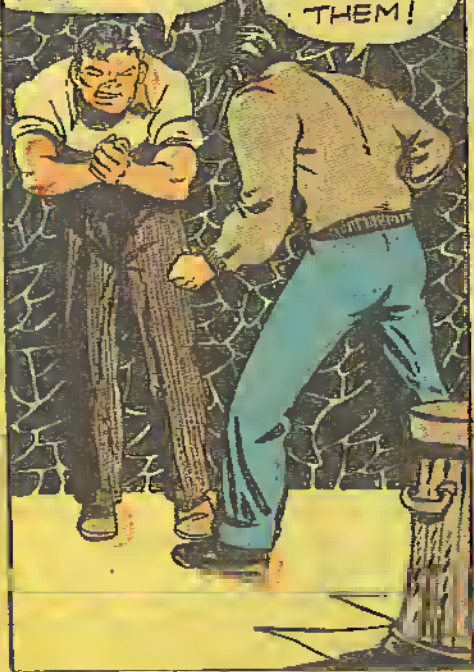
MAYBE YOU  
CAN FIGHT  
BETTER  
WITHOUT  
THEM!

YOU  
WOULDN'T  
HIT A GUY  
WHOSE  
GOT A  
BUSTED  
HAND,  
WOULD  
YA?

NO....  
BUT I'M  
NOT TOO  
SURE  
YOU  
WOULDN'T!

OKAY, YOU  
WIN! LET'S  
SHAKE ON  
THAT!

BETTER WATCH  
THIS FELLOW!  
HE'S UP TO  
SOMETHING!





BUT MIKE SUDDENLY SEIZES JERRY'S HAND AND YANKS HIM OFF BALANCE!

YOU FELL FOR IT, SUCKER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!

THANKS, SPOOK!

DON'T MENTION IT, JERRY! IT'S A PLEASURE!

GEE! THAT KID HITS LIKE A CHAMP!

OH, BOY! YOU LICKED BIG MIKE!

YOU CAN BE OUR NEW BOSS!

NO, FELLOWS!

WHATEVER HIT ME--- I DIDN'T SEE IT COMIN'!

YEAH! AND MAKE A LOT OF MONEY LIKE MIKE DID!

AS THE BEATEN BULLY SLINKS OFF, THE INVISIBLE SPOOK FOLLOWS.

FROM NOW ON, YOU CAN SELL PAPERS WITHOUT A "BOSS"!

I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT WISE-GUY! WAIT'LL SPIKE HEARS ABOUT THIS!

IN A DINGY POOLROOM NEAR THE RAILROAD TRACKS...

SPIKE, I'M IN A JAM! A TOUGH GUY IS CHISLIN' IN ON ME!

HE IS, HUH? DAT'S EASY! GET YER MOB TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!

SO THAT'S MIKE'S INSPIRATION!

SPOOK DOES A LITTLE POLICE WORK...

AND IF DAT DON'T WORK, ME AND THE BOYS'LL DO THE JOB FOR YA!

GEE! TANKS, SPIKE!

HMMM! SPIKE'S FINGERPRINTS MAY COME IN HANDY!



AT HEADQUARTERS, WHERE HE ONCE WORKED AS A MORTAL, SPOOK DOES A LITTLE INVESTIGATING...

JUST AS I THOUGHT! SPIKE IS A SMALL-TIME RACKETEER... NEVER JAILED BECAUSE WITNESSES ARE ALWAYS AFRAID TO TALK!

D-DO YOU S-SEE THAT?

MUST BE A STRONG BREEZE!

THIS TIME HE AND HIS MOB WILL BE CAUGHT RED-HANDED!

IF IT'S A BREEZE, IT'S WORKING A TYPEWRITER NOW!

GOLLY! IT MUST BE ONE OF THOSE GHOST WRITERS I'VE BEEN HEARIN' ABOUT!

IT SAYS, "THERE'LL BE TROUBLE AT MAIN AND STATE STREETS IN HALF AN HOUR!"

BUT TROUBLE HAS ALREADY STARTED! BIG MIKE AND HIS JUNIOR MOB RETURN...

WELL, WISE GUY... WHO'S AFRAID OF YOU NOW?

SO YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR GANG!

HEY, FELLOWS!

OW! GET HIM, GANG!

BUT, INSPIRED BY JERRY'S LEADERSHIP, THE NEWSBOYS DITCH INTO THE FIGHT!

SO YOU'RE PRACTICING TO BE A GANGSTER! WELL, I'M PRACTICING TO BE A COP!

THE POWER OF THE PRESS! WOW!

SAY! LEMME IN ON THIS!

SEEING THE FIGHT GO AGAINST HIM, BIG MIKE MAKES A QUICK EXIT!

I DIDN'T KNOW THOSE KIDS COULD FIGHT LIKE THAT! I'LL HAFTA GET SPIKE!



**SPOOK RETURNS JUST IN TIME TO SEE...**

SO DEY  
TOOK YA OVER,  
HUH? LEMME  
SHOW YA HOW  
DE OL' MASTER  
DOES IT!

**AH!**  
JUST IN  
TIME FOR  
THE MAIN  
EVENT!



**THE INVISIBLE SPOOK GRABS THE GUN OUT OF SPIKE'S HAND!**

**HEY!**  
SOMETHIN'S  
GONE  
WRONG!

I'LL  
SAY IT  
HAS!

**SPIKE!**  
THEY'RE STILL  
LICKIN' US!  
DO SOMETHIN'!



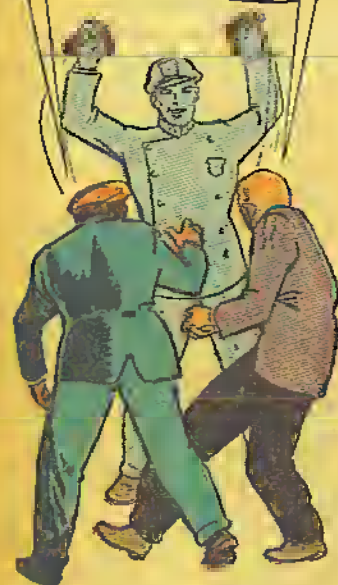
**QUICK AS A FLASH, SPOOK DISARMS THE MUGS! THE GANGSTERS SHOW THEIR COWARDICE...**

**MY GAT!**  
IT'S FLYIN'  
AWAY!

---MINE,  
TOO! DIS  
IS AWFUL!

**DON'T**  
HOIT US,  
KID! WE  
WAS ONLY  
FOOLIN'!

WHY---  
YOU  
PUNK!



**LATER!** THAT GHOST  
THERE WRITER KNEW  
GOES YOUR HIS STUFF!  
HERO, MIKE! WE GOT  
YOU WITH THE  
GOODS THIS  
TIME!

**DON'T**  
LET  
DOSE  
KIDS  
GET AT  
ME!



**FROM NOW ON**  
WE SELL PAPERS  
LIKE DE REST OF  
YOU! WE'VE  
LEARNED OUR  
LESSON!

WE'LL  
REALLY  
SHAKE  
ON THAT,  
MIKE!

**GUESS**  
MY JOB  
IS DONE  
HERE!

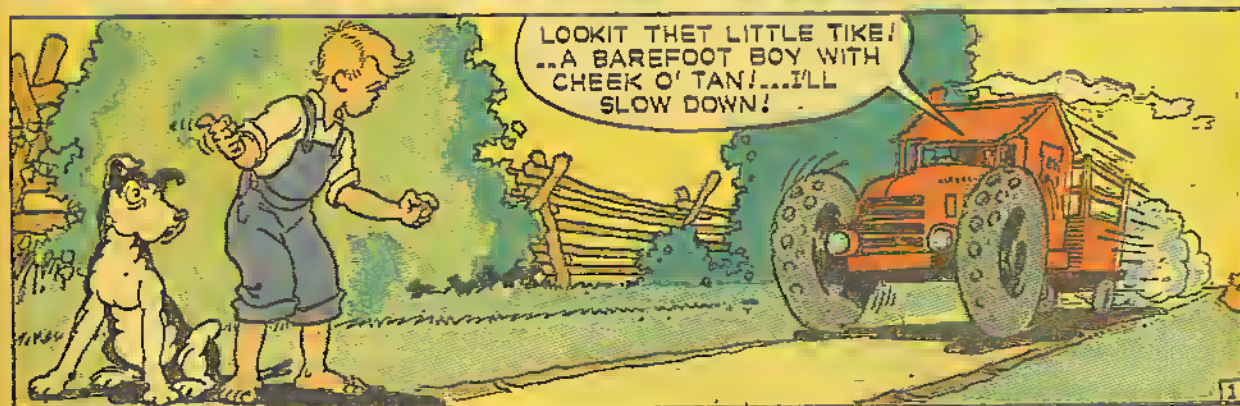
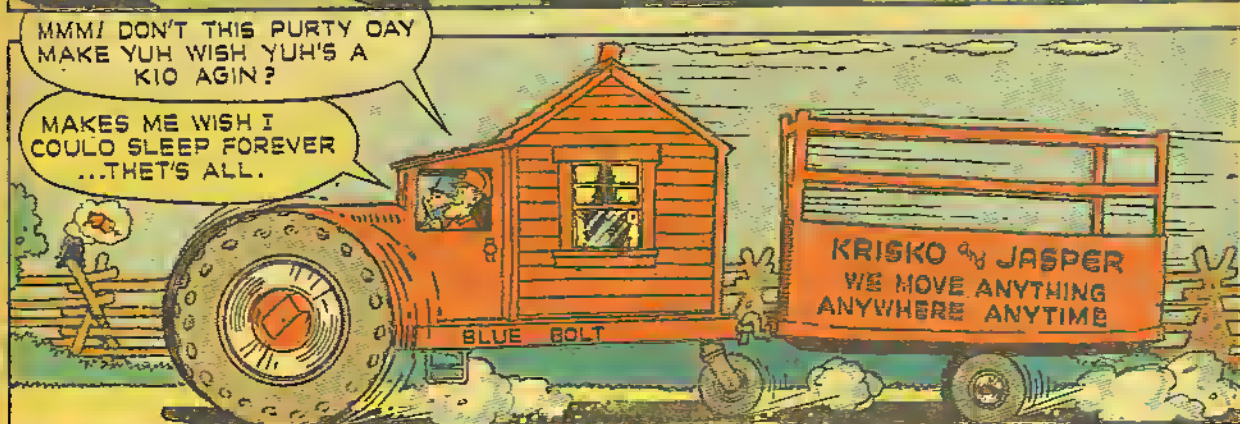




# Krisko and Jasper

SEEMS OUR TWO PALS, ONE TIME TOUCH-DOWN CHAMPEENS OF THEIR HIGH SCHOOL, CAN'T KNOW A GOALPOST FROM A RAIL FENCE! IF Y'WANNA BE REALLY DISGUSTED, READ HOW THEY COME OUT IN A LITTLE SANOLOT SCRIMMAGE WITH THE 'COOTS-VILLE ROOT TOOTERS.'

ART. BY  
JACKIE  
WARREN





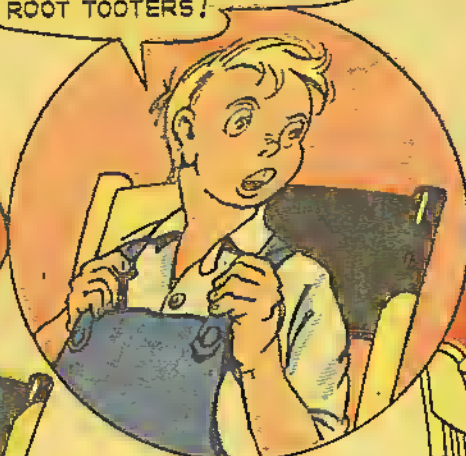
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SONNY?

HUH?  
OH!

ERNIE MITCHELL, SECONO  
STRING HALFBACK AN' TALENT  
SCOUT FER THE COOTSVILLE  
ROOT TOOTERS!

TALENT SCOUT?..YOU  
MEAN YUH FINO NEW  
PLAYERS FER THE  
TEAM?

SURE! YOU INTERESTED  
IN PLAYIN' MISTER?



WHY, SURE! I USED TO BE HALFBACK  
MYSELF FER OEAR OL' DEWLAP HIGH!

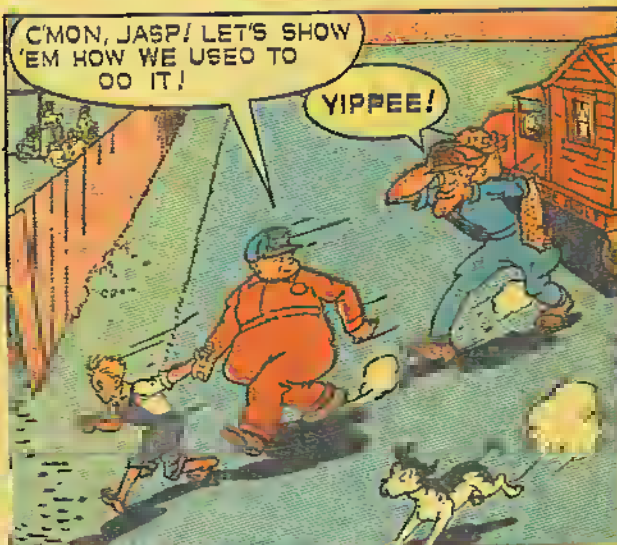
SHORE, AN' I 'UZ  
LEFT END!

YEH?



C'MON, JASP! LET'S SHOW  
'EM HOW WE USED TO  
DO IT!

YIPPEE!



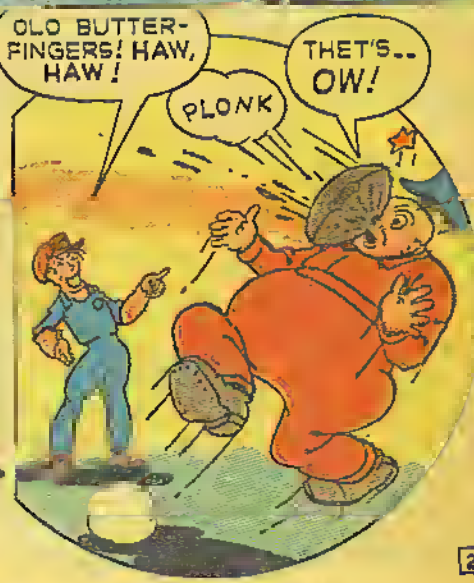
HOORAY, REAL  
GUYS ON OUR  
TEAM!

COME, COME, BOYS,  
LET'S SEE THE  
PIGSKIN!

OLO BUTTER-  
FINGERS! HAW,  
HAW!

THET'S...  
OW!

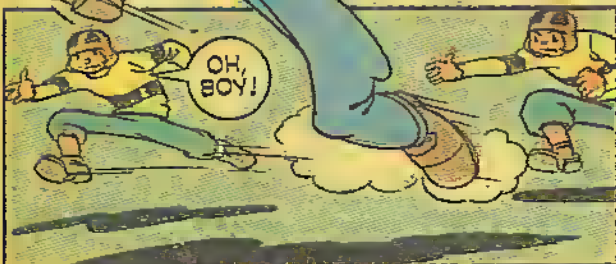
PLONK





HOW 'BOUT A PRACTICE  
RUN, FELLERS? TRY'N  
TACKLE ME!

GOT HIM!



OH,  
BOY!

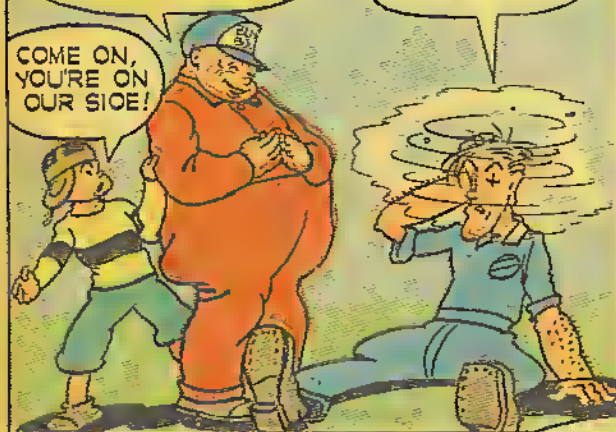
AWRRRK!



Y' OL' BEANPOLE, HOW  
Y' EXPECT T' STAND  
UP AGAINST A REAL  
TACKLE!

JUST--(GASP) OUTA  
CONDICION A LITTLE!  
WAIT'LL I GIT  
WARMEED UP!

COME ON,  
YOU'RE ON  
OUR SIOE!



YOU BE ON'  
OUR SIDE!

HE'S ON OUR  
SIOE!

HUH?  
OW!



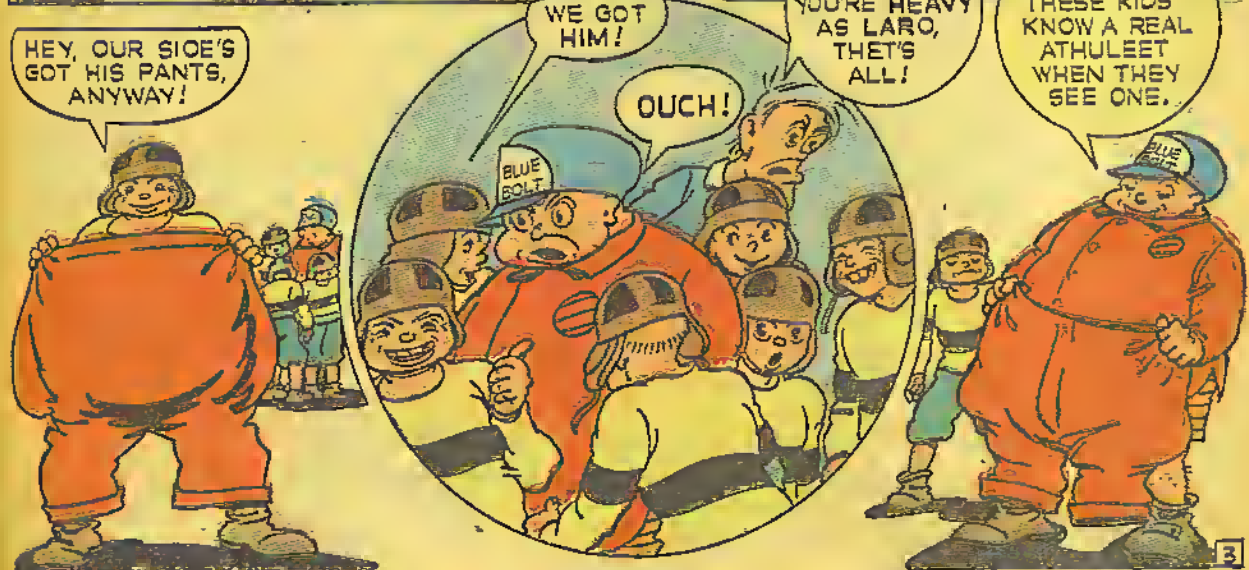
HEY, OUR SIOE'S  
GOT HIS PANTS,  
ANYWAY!

WE GOT  
HIM!

OUCH!

HUH!  
JUS' CAUSE  
YOU'RE HEAVY  
AS LARG,  
THET'S  
ALL!

POPULAR,  
AIN'T I?  
THESE KIDS  
KNOW A REAL  
ATHULEET  
WHEN THEY  
SEE ONE.

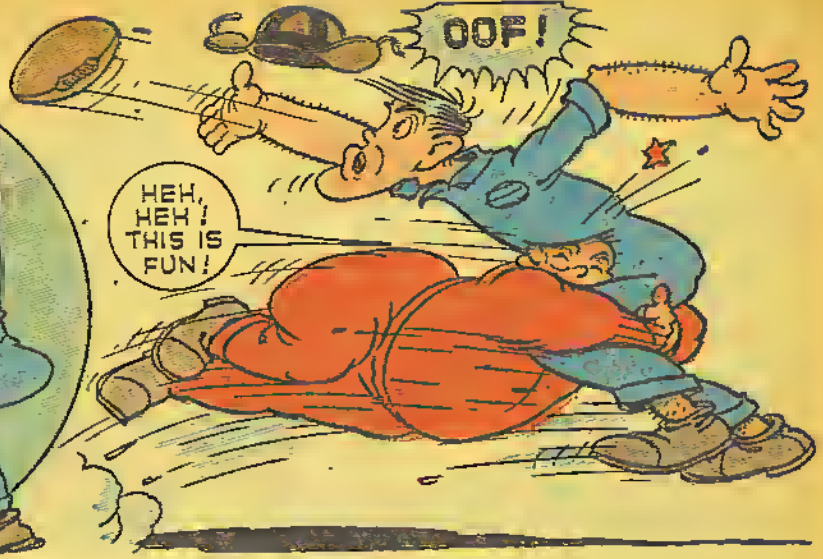




THE GAME BEGINS...  
ERNIE KICKING OFF!

KRISKO ON ONE  
SIDE, ME ON  
T'OTHER...LET'S  
GO!

HOORAY!

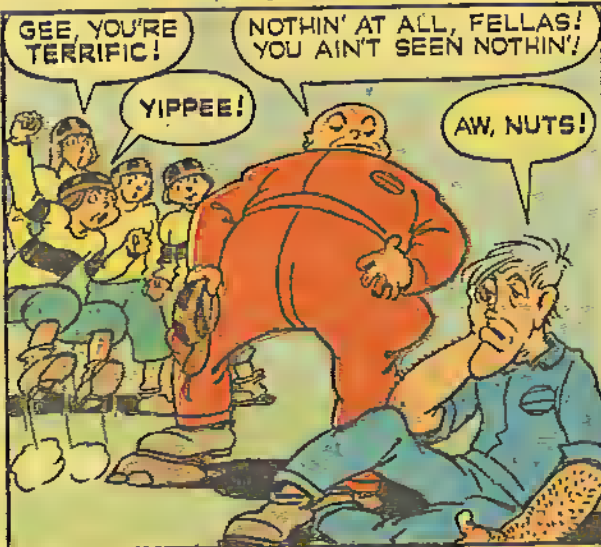


GEE, YOU'RE  
TERRIFIC!

NOTHIN' AT ALL, FELLAS!  
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN'!

YIPPEE!

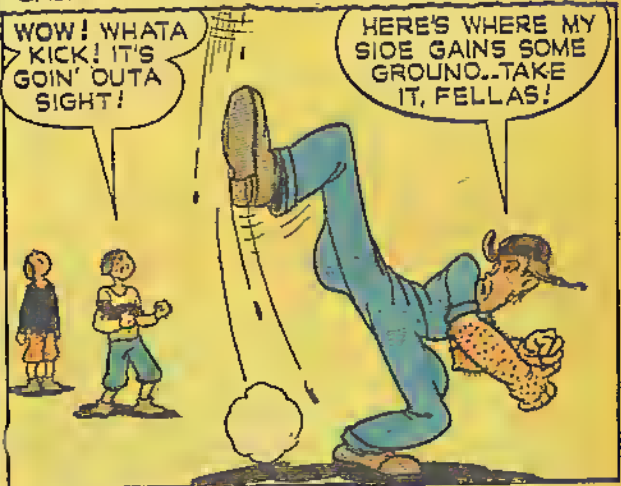
AW, NUTS!



BUT KRISKOS TEAM FUMBLES! 'SNAKEHIPS'  
JASPER'S GOT THE BALL!...HE KICKS...

WOW! WHAT A  
KICK! IT'S  
GOIN' OUTA  
SIGHT!

HERE'S WHERE MY  
SIDE GAINS SOME  
GROUND...TAKE  
IT, FELLAS!



I GOT  
IT!

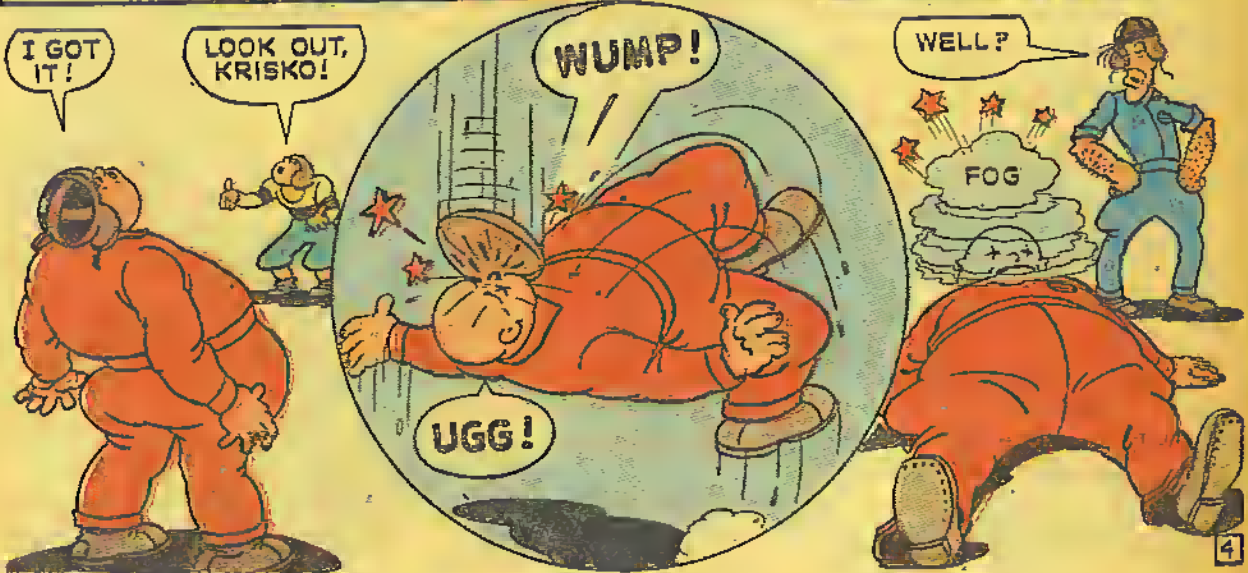
LOOK OUT,  
KRISKO!

WUMP!

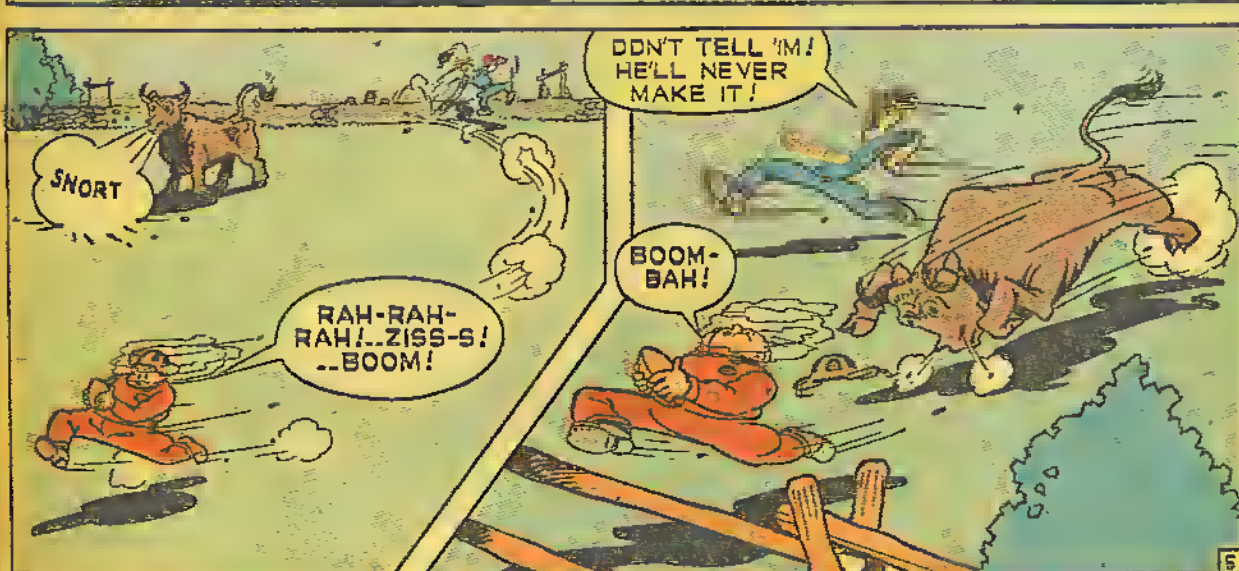
UGG!

WELL?

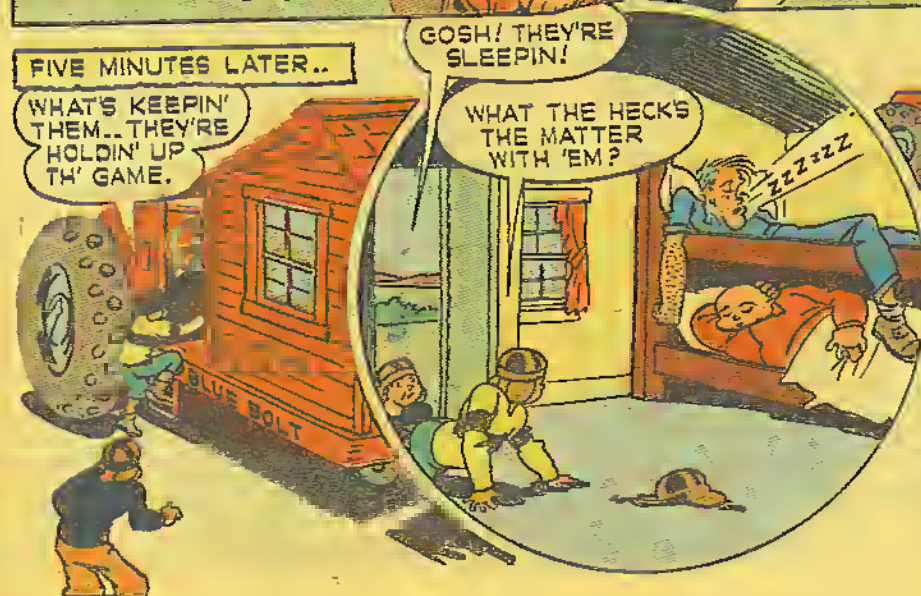
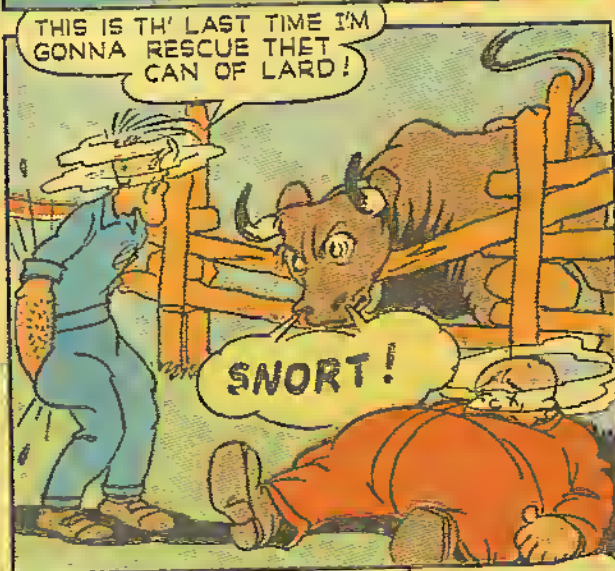
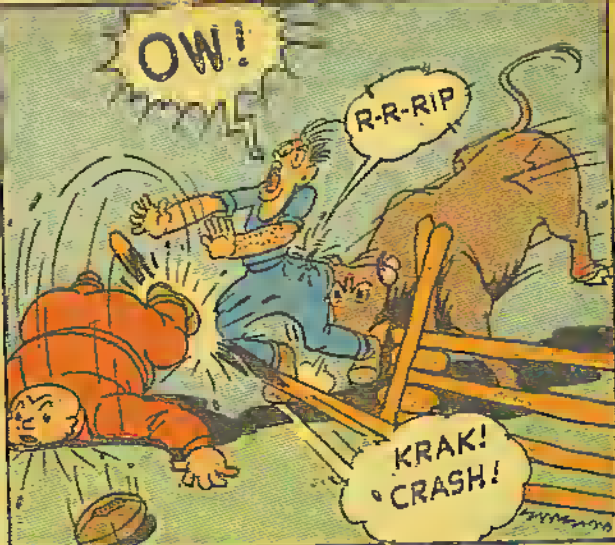
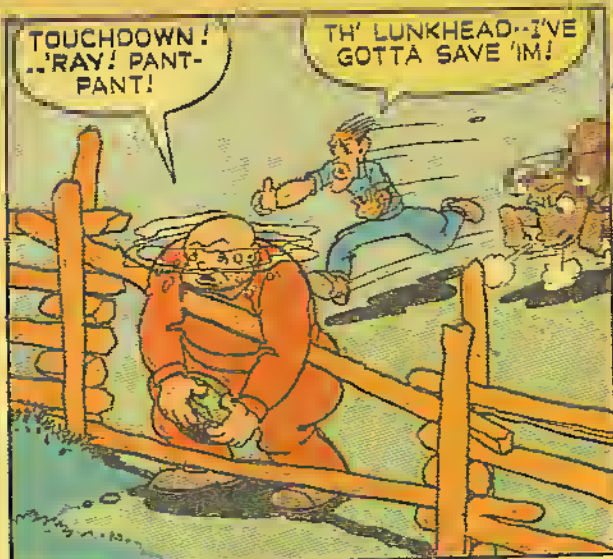
FOG











MEBBE THE BOYS AINT GOOD ATHULEETS BUT YOUGHTA SEE 'EM NEXT ISSUE, BACK IN THEIR OL' GROOVE--MOVIN' ANYTHING ANYWHARS.



# FEARLESS FELLERS

By  
Joe Donatto



HEY! THERE'S A MASQUERADE BALL AT THE TOWN HALL TONIGHT!



LOOK! FANCY COSTUMES, MASKS AND EVERYTHING!

GEE, I WISH WE COULD GO!



WHY CAN'T WE?

THAT'S RIGHT-- IT DOESN'T SAY "NO CHILDREN ALLOWED!"





SWELL! LET'S GO HOME AND FIX UP SOME COSTUMES!

BOY! I KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA WEAR!

LATER--

THESE COSTUMES FROM THE SCHOOL PLAY SURE LOOK GOOD!

GEE, IT'LL BE AWFUL IF THEY WON'T LET US IN--

HERE'S THE TOWN HALL-- I'M NERVOUS-- YOU GO FIRST, CHUCK--

NO SIRREE, WE'LL ALL GO IN TOGETHER--

OH, OH! HERE COMES THE DOORMAN!

THEY ENTER, AND--

YOU'RE THE SINGING MIDGETS-- YOU'RE LATE-- THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU! HURRY IN!

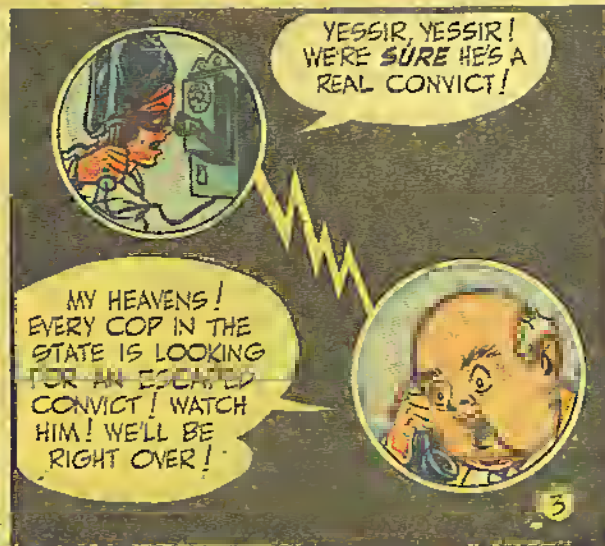
YOU'LL FIND BACKSTAGE THAT WAY-- HURRY!

G-GOSH! WE'RE IN!

YEAH, BUT THAT MAN THINKS WE'RE MIDGET ACTORS! WE'D BETTER HIDE!

C'MON, THIS WAY!









WE HAVE TO WATCH HIM--  
THE COPS ARE COMING!

THERE HE IS,  
BEHIND THAT  
STATUE--



HE'S MOVIN' AWAY!

C'MON,  
WE HAVE TO  
STAY CLOSE  
TO HIM!



OOOPS!



CRASH! AND THE MAN SWINGS AROUND!

OH, OH! A GUN!  
WE GOTTA THINK  
OF SOMETHING  
FAST!

I HAVE AN IDEA!  
LISTEN--



A MOMENT LATER, CHUCK'S IDEA IS PUT  
INTO ACTION!

DON'T SHOOT, MISTER--  
WE'RE MIDGET  
ACTORS!

WANNA SEE  
US ACT?  
LOOK!



THE MAN IS SURROUNDED!



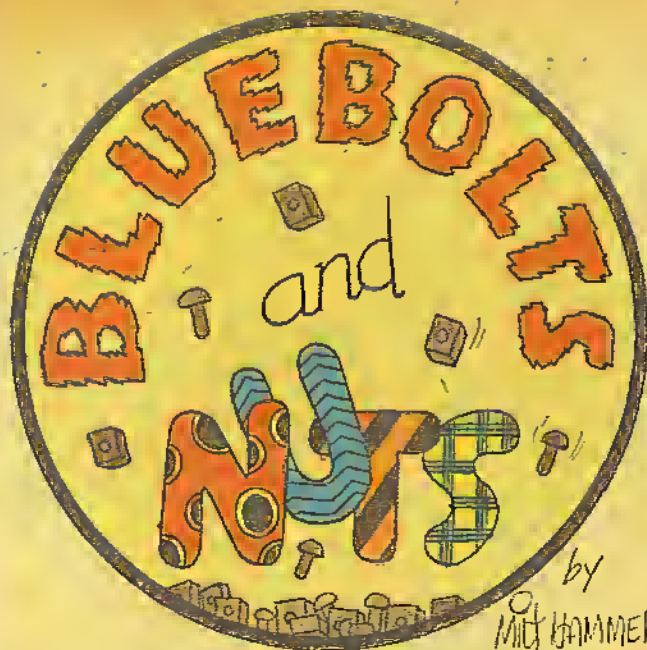
OUTTA MY WAY!

HE'S GETTIN'  
AWAY!  
STOP  
HIM!









by  
MIL HAMMER

